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Dr. Potts

# TOUCH AND GO

Volume IV December, 1950 No. 10

( Inkprint Edition )

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# CHRISTMAS AND LIFE

One's attitude toward Christmas may reflect one's attitude toward life. Christmas may be just one more day for us, or one more holiday. It may be anticipated as a time when we may loaf, eat a hearty dinner, and find self-expression through a gay party. We may look forward to it as a time when certain interests can be commercialized, when we see how much we can get. The day and season may be a real burden to us, taxing our strength beyond reasonable lengths and leaving us weary. There may be no worthy motive in our Christmas plans, no definite plan of self-analysis and self-development, no tendency to imbibe the spirit of the Yuletide.

The spirit of Christmas is the right way of living, and all true progress has been marked by the spirit that should actuate folks at Christmas time--love, unselfishness, consecration of the inner self to Him who was born in a manger, who deserved the best and received the worst, endured all of the scorn and vituperation that fellow man heaped upon Him, and went to His martyrdom with a sunny heart.

In terms of quantity people may have little. In terms of quality all may have much, because the more we give, the more we keep; the more we keep, the less we have, for a man's life consists not in the abundance of things that he has, according to Holy Writ. We may not be famous. We may achieve little to attract attention. But what of it? We can all walk humbly and possess a true heart and a kindly attitude toward the world.

Christmas is an opportunity, a suggestion of what we may be and do. Let us enlarge its scope and let us respond to its appeals, thereby developing a desire to give ourselves without stint to a world that is waiting for our services.

--Mason Howard Gist in Grit

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

It is hard to believe that December is here, with Christmas only a few weeks ahead. For each of us Christmas has its own special meaning with its associations and memories. The spirit of this season helps us all to strengthen our faith in our fellow man, and petty annoyances of everyday life fall into insignificance. Even the shadow of war cannot undermine the fundamental ideal of love which has inspired the hearts of men for nearly two thousand years.

"...and on earth peace, good will toward men." How many times during the centuries has there been peace throughout the world on Christmas Day? However, there is a peace of spirit which has endured through all hardship and strife, a peace that comes to each of us no matter what our individual religious belief, through inner conviction and faith.

At this writing, Betsie and I are still traveling, although when you read this we shall be back in New York. We spent several weeks in California, Arizona and New Mexico and are stopping in Colorado for a few days on our way to Montana. We walked part way across the Golden Gate Bridge and I got a childish thrill out of the experience. Betsie seemed as excited as I was. We met several old friends and had one trip into the heart of the desert in Arizona, but the highlights of the whole trip were the opportunities we had to meet some of you. We had the pleasure of talking to a number of deaf-blind people who are well-known to many of you--Jackie Coker, Dolores Cable Higuera, Sam Bean and Tad Chapman. We also met a number of people for whom deaf-blindness is a new situation and who are just beginning to learn to face the problem. These are the ones who need encouragement and help from all of us.

One deaf-blind woman who is a member of a large craft class of blind people told me that she has stopped trying to speak because no one talks to her, and she is very lonely. The chance came for me to talk to the whole group, and I spent the entire time showing them how to communicate with their deaf-blind member, urging them to take the responsibility for making her completely at home. You would have been delighted with the response they gave. Most of the blind people there said they had no idea how to talk to the woman and many did not realize that she was able to speak at all. It will be interesting to see how the group carries out their good intentions.

There was a child born deaf and blind into a family of four other children. The request was made that I suggest an institution for the child, but I think I convinced the family that it was best to train the baby at home with everyone's help, since there would be many school years later on when he would have to be away from home. It does seem important for such a child to have as much family life as possible, doesn't it? If any of you have suggestions for equipment or toys for this child, please let us have them.

The queerest thing about this trip has been the weather! Last week we were sweltering in the heat of midsummer, today there is a bitter wind blowing and a threat of snow in the air. Montana will probably feel like the North Pole!

Betsie and I send greetings to all of you and wish for you a very, very MERRY CHRISTMAS.

--Annette B. Dinsmore

OHIOAN IN MAGAZINE BUSINESS

When a poet starts a business enterprise, people are usually a little quizzical about the outcome. When the poet has been blind since early childhood and deaf since early youth, there should be even more reason for doubt.

However, in the case of Richard Kinney, the doubts are overshadowed by the unflagging industry and indomitable courage with which he approaches his task. Dick has been writing poetry for a number of years and has had verses published in more than twenty-five national poetry magazines. He has won a number of prizes for his work, both in prose and poetry. He is now embarking on a business venture, the first of his life, and intends to make his own way by taking magazine subscriptions by mail. He has a national magazine list and can take subscriptions for every magazine published in the country.

The latest of his honors in poetry came last week when he was informed that one of his poems, "Salute to Marigolds," was chosen to appear in the 1950 issue of Poetry Awards, which is published by the University of Pennsylvania Press. Only twenty-five poems are chosen for this publication from the thousands printed each year in the numerous poetry magazines in the country. Of these twenty-five, three will be picked later for cash prizes.

Dick also won first prizes in both poetry and prose in the United States division of a contest sponsored by The Skylark, a magazine published for the blind and deaf everywhere.

His magazine business began with reading the braille edition of Reader's Digest over a period of years. He decided to become its community representative in East Sparta two years ago, and has since been enlarging his enterprise to include other magazines. At present he is in the process of build-

ing his clientele by sending circulars and letters through a mailing list of nearly 10,000 names.

This would be no easy task even for a person who could see and hear, but in addition to this Dick also keeps all his records in braille and does most of his own typing.

His mother, who has worked with him from the beginning and has been, in Dick's words, "the instrument behind everything I have been able to do," keeps brief control records and checks all of his work before it is mailed. In this way he hopes to prove to his present 300 regular customers and all new ones he gets that he can handle the job in an efficient and satisfactory manner.

The source of Dick's handicap is now believed to have been undulant fever, though for several years the doctor's didn't know what caused it. When he was four years old he began to lose his sight, and he became totally blind within a short time. Undaunted by the loss, he entered public school and was graduated as valedictorian of his class at East Sparta High School in 1942. Although his illness kept him out of school for four years during his career, he was graduated only one year later than he normally would have been.

He learned braille when he was eleven years old at the Waring School in Cleveland, a school offering sight saving work as well as courses in braille.

After graduation from high school he attended Mt. Union College for a year and a half during the war, but was forced to quit when he finally became totally deaf and was unable to hear his lessons read to him. While at Mt. Union he served as poetry editor of the Dynamo, the college annual.

In high school and college he consistently won prose and poetry contests.

In addition to reading the Reader's Digest, he has at various times made contributions that have been accepted for publication in that magazine. In the March issue, one of his quotations appears in the "Picturesque Speech" department: "As thirsty as a child that has just gone to bed."

Mrs. Kinney communicates with Dick by means of the hand manual, a system in which different positions of the fingers placed on the blind person's open palm designate the letters of the alphabet. He also has a braille spelling board, which can be used by persons not familiar with the hand manual or braille by placing his finger over the letters of the alphabet which are given both in print and braille to spell out the words.

The literary honors that have been won by Dick are even more impressive when it is understood that none of the editors of the magazines, except of those published for the blind, know that he is deaf and blind. He says he wants to compete with sighted and hearing persons on even terms and seeks no special favors because of his handicaps.

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Those who are concerned with the publication of Touch and Go and all the staff of the American Foundation for the Blind wish for each of you a very

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

## THE ALPHABET GLOVE EXPLAINED

Many requests have been received from all over the country asking about the alphabet glove--what it is, what it looks like, and how it is used. Since so many people have expressed an interest in this method of communication and since so few know about it, we thought it would be a good idea to print information about it in Touch and Go.

The greatest advantage of the alphabet glove is that there is no necessity for training on the part of the individual communicating with the deaf-blind person. The arrangement of the letters and numerals is systematic so that the deaf-blind person can learn it with ease. Anyone with sight can spell words to the deaf-blind wearer by touching the letters or numerals printed on the glove, and with practice a good deal of speed can be developed. It is not practical for a deaf-blind person to use the glove with his blind friends, although some do so. It is important to remember that the position of each of the letters and numerals must be firmly and clearly fixed in the mind of the deaf-blind person before an attempt is made to use the alphabet glove.

The alphabet glove should be made up individually if possible, so that the glove fits the person's hand and the letters are placed in the positions as described below. The glove chosen should be of thin cotton fabric, either white in color or light tan. The glove is marked with indelible ink, and the letters are printed so that they are right side up for the person facing the deaf-blind wearer. The glove is worn on the left hand. The letters of the alphabet are printed on the palm of the glove, while the numerals appear on the back of the hand. The letters of the alphabet are located on the tips of the fingers, the joints and the palm of the hand at the base of the fingers while the numerals appear on the fingernails and the knuckles.

The arrangement of the letters and numerals on the glove is systematic and is as follows:

1. The letters (extend the left hand with the palm facing up.)

The first four letters are located in the line of the thumb.

A on the tip of the thumb
B on the first joint of the thumb
C on the second joint of the thumb
D on the palm of the hand at the base of the thumb

The next five letters are located in the line of the index finger.

E on the tip of the index finger
F on the first joint of the index finger
G on the second joint of the index finger
H on the third joint of the index finger
I on the palm of the hand at the base of the index finger

The next five letters are located in the line of the middle finger.

J on the tip of the middle finger
K on the first joint of the middle finger
L on the second joint of the middle finger
M on the third joint of the middle finger
N on the palm of the hand at the base of the middle finger

The next five letters are located in the line of the ring finger.

O on the tip of the ring finger
P on the first joint of the ring finger
Q on the second joint of the ring finger
R on the third joint of the ring finger
S on the palm of the hand at the base of the ring finger

The next six letters are located in the line of the little finger.

T on the tip of the little finger
U on the first joint of the little finger
V on the second joint of the little finger
W on the third joint of the little finger
X on the palm of the hand at the base of the little finger
Y on the palm of the hand midway between the third joint of the little finger and the wrist

Z is located in the center of the palm

In addition to the letters of the alphabet the commonly used words "and" and "the" also appear on the glove.

"and" on the palm of the hand in the line with the little finger just before the palm joins the wrist

"the" on the palm of the hand in the line of the thumb just before the palm joins the wrist

2. The numerals (Extend the left hand so that the palm is facing down.)

The first five numbers are located on the fingernails.

1 on the thumbnail
2 on the nail of the index finger
3 on the nail of the middle finger
4 on the nail of the ring finger
5 on the nail of the little finger

The next five numbers are located on the knuckles.

6 on the first knuckle of the thumb
7 on the first knuckle of the index finger
8 on the first knuckle of the middle finger
9 on the first knuckle of the ring finger
0 on the first knuckle of the little finger

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## THE BRAILLE BOOK REVIEW

The Braille Book Review is a free magazine published monthly, in grade two, by the American Foundation for the Blind, and if you are at all interested in either books or magazines you should know about it.

Every new book or magazine that is published in braille is announced in its columns with descriptive book notes in order that you may have some idea of what the books are about. It also lists all hand-copied books, reading lists on various subjects, short biographies of contemporary authors, lists of free magazines, magazines in foreign languages, and items of interest to the book world. The magazine is free. Address the American Foundation for the Blind, 15 West 16 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

ANGELIKI DISCOVERS AMERICA

On September 24, reporters waiting at a dock in New York City saw a tiny child looking less than her twelve years, her black hair tied with a large fluffy ribbon, and wearing a neat dark woollen coat and bright dress. She was hugging closely a beautiful big wax doll the ship's captain had presented to her and from which she refused to be parted. She was Angeliki, a Greek orphan coming to the land of her dreams. She was deaf and blind. For that group of ship reporters who noticed her, Angeliki managed to write two words--her name and America.

Little Angeliki, who was abandoned by her parents during the war, has found refuge in America. She and her teacher, Miss Avrilla Vlachou, arrived in this country last month to go to an institution that they found did not exist. But when all seemed lost, the American Foundation for the Blind and other agencies joined to find a place here for them. The Perkins Institution at Watertown, Massachusetts, has agreed to provide a year's home and schooling, paid for out of the Foundation's emergency reserve funds.

Six years ago, Angeliki, crying and afraid, was found on the steps of a police station in Athens. She couldn't, of course, tell anyone who she was or where she came from. The police knew only one thing about her--the name "Angeliki" sewn in the lining of her coat.

Angeliki's teacher says that this little girl, who can neither see nor hear nor speak, has up to now been taught in Greece entirely by touch recognition of familiar objects. Authorities at the Perkins Institution believe, through the tests they have given her, that her mind and intelli-

gence are unusually fine. They feel that, if the funds can be found for her to stay on at Perkins for three more years to complete her education, she may be able to return to Greece to become a leader and teacher of the doubly handicapped.

Among the strange, new experiences small Angeliki will encounter in America is life on a farm. Mrs. Margaret Bonnlander of Chester, Vermont, will take the child to her home in the country during the Christmas holidays, at Easter and during the summer, where Angeliki can try her skillful hands at milking a cow. She can gather eggs and feed the chickens. She will learn about animals--how they feel and smell--and she will work in the flower and vegetable gardens.

Mr. M. Robert Barnett declares that next year it will be the responsibility of the Foundation, together with Perkins Institution, to determine whether Angeliki will continue to receive her training in the United States or whether she must be returned to an orphanage in Greece.

If at that time, it is decided that her further training in America would prevent a wasted life, then finance will be the principal factor in the decision. "The next crisis in Angeliki's short and troubled life," said Mr. Barnett, "is coming up next June. Seldom in my experience have I seen so many individuals and organizations act with such speed to answer an appeal for help--in spite of financial shortages and the usual red tape. It shows," Mr. Barnett went on, "that this wonderful America, which Angeliki dreamed out, did not let her down."

## A MAN SENT FROM GOD

Lord, send us men to match our times,
   Broad as Calvary's ransomed climes,
Builders in Thy kingdom here,
   Heroic men, unmoved by fear.

O, send us men to match Thy love,
   And all its blessed fulness prove;
That all the world may see once more,
   The loving Christ, gone on before.

O, send us men, unselfish men,
   Lovers of God, and not of gain;
Who strive for souls, and not for place,
   But magnify Thy saving grace.

Yes! send us men, anointed men,
   In whom our Savior lives again;
Who live above the world of sin,
   Since Christ forever dwells within.

Men! send us men, like guiding star
   To lead us in this holy war,
Till kingdoms shall be all Thine own,
   And every heart Thy royal throne.

Men! send us men, we plead again
   For pure and strong and useful men;
For men who match the world's demands
   Yea, men who match our Lord's commands.

--R. D. Morgan

Submitted by F.D. Heigel

Dr. Potts

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## WE THANK THEE

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land, from the east to the west;
For the dear starry flag with its red, white and blue,
We thank Thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For the sweet of the flowers and the gold of the wheat;
For the ships in the harbor, for sails on the sea,
O Father in heaven, our songs rise to thee.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,
We children would offer our praises to Thee!
For God is our Father and bends from above,
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.

--Margaret E. Sangster

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Flying high above the earth at an altitude of twenty thousand feet or so, the plane quivered with the constant vibration of the motors. There was an occasional jarring as if we were bumping along a rough road, and now and then I could feel the plane dip when we hit an air pocket. It seemed as if I were entirely separated from the world, suspended in time and space. The sensation drew me strangely close in thought to all of you--to you who face just such barriers in your daily experience. Unexpectedly the sun poured through the window at my side spreading a warm blanket over me. Here was something familiar and secure. At this very moment, this same sun could be reaching you wherever you happened to be, as if a friendly hand were touching you entirely independent of sight or sound.

It is hard to realize that it took only eleven hours of flying time to go from New York to San Francisco--more than three thousand miles! In the old days the pioneers traveled in covered wagons and took six to eight months to reach the same destination; while later, the pony express set a speed record of six days, from Independence, Missouri to Sacramento, California.

The railroads, automobiles, better highways, all mark the progress of the last century. What progress have we made in work for deaf-blind people? Surely we have come beyond the days of the covered wagon or pony express, but we are far from the speed of the airplane! At least we are moving and that is the important thing. The public is beginning

to realize that a deaf-blind person is capable of doing many things with a skill equal to or greater than that of his fellows.

You will be interested in hearing that the California School for the Blind has recently erected a new building to be used exclusively for the education of deaf-blind children. This building has been named after Helen Keller and was dedicated on Saturday, October 14, in an impressive ceremony which was attended by throngs of interested people. Many prominent persons in work for the blind, in work for the deaf, and in government service, were present; some of whom spoke. Governor Warren of California made the dedication speech and unveiled a plaque. At the end of the ceremony, Miss Helen Keller spoke to the gathering, and her very presence there created an interest and enthusiasm for the work which is hard to describe. Her influence cannot be measured in words, but it is an important factor in shaping the mind of the community. Without a doubt, many people left there with a better understanding of the need for adequate education of deaf-blind children, and it is important for us now, to build upon this understanding, to develop even greater interest in the problems of all deaf-blind people, adults and children alike.

A number of you have written in response to the request for information about occupations. Thank you very much. We shall be looking forward to more letters of this kind and later will list the different kinds of work for you. For some months, I have been concerned about the name of this magazine, Touch and Go, because the expression "touch and go" has an entirely different meaning when used in general conversation.

When you say that something is touch and go with you, you mean that you are unsure of the success of your efforts; that there is an uncertainty in the undertaking. The meaning of the name of this magazine was to indicate that through touch you go ahead. How do you feel about the name? Should we change it or do you want to keep it, holding to the meaning originally intended? Any other suggestions you have will be more than welcome.

Thanksgiving Day will soon be here. May I wish for all of you joy and happy companionship on this day of feasting.

Annette B. Dinsmore

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A request for letter pals has been received from Mrs. Marjorie McGuffin of 3854 West 10th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Mrs. McGuffin has just mastered grade three braille and is most anxious to correspond with other deaf-blind people who are familiar with this grade. Please address your letters directly to Mrs. McGuffin at the above address.

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Mr. Michael Lengyel has asked us to thank the many people who have written to him and to inform them that he has been in the hospital for the past two months and, therefore, has been unable to answer their letters. However, he shall do so as soon as possible.

## BLIND PEOPLE IN HISTORY

The three sketches following are of people who were exceptionally gifted and made a place for themselves in history notwithstanding their handicap of blindness. These instances seem to illustrate how Nature has a way of compensating those who try to use the talents they have.

Nicholas Saunderson (1682-1739), English mathematician, was born at Thurlstone, Yorkshire, in January, 1682. When about a year old he lost his sight through smallpox; but this did not prevent him from acquiring a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and studying mathematics. In 1707 he began lecturing at Cambridge on the principles of the Newtonian philosophy, and in November, 1711, he succeeded William Whiston, the Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge. He was created a doctor of laws in 1728 by command of George II, and in 1736 was admitted a member of the Royal Society. He died on the 19th of April, 1739.

Saunderson possessed the friendship of many of the eminent mathematicians of the time, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Edmund Halley, Abraham de Moivre and Roger Cotes. His senses of hearing and touch were extraordinarily acute, and he could carry on mentally long and intricate mathematical calculations. He devised a calculating machine or abacus, by which he could perform arithmetical and algebraical operations by the sense of touch; this method is sometimes termed his palpable arithmetic, an account of which is given in his elaborate Elements of Algebra. His only other published work is called The Method of Fluxions. At the end of this treatise there is given, in Latin, an explanation of the principal propositions of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy.

Marie Therese von Paradis (b. 1759), was the daughter of an imperial councillor in Vienna. She was the godchild of the empress Maria Therese, and, as her parents possessed rank and wealth, no expense was spared in her education. Weissembourg, a blind man, was her tutor and she learned to spell with letters cut out of pasteboard, and words picked upon cards with pins. She studied the piano with Richter (of Holland) and Kozeluch. She was a highly esteemed pianist, and Mozart wrote a concerto for her; she also attained considerable skill on the organ, in singing and in composition. She made a concert tour of Europe, visiting the principal courts and everywhere achieving great success. She remained four months in England, under the patronage of the queen. Towards the close of her life she devoted herself to teaching singing and the pianoforte with great success.

James Holman (1786-1857), known as "the blind traveller" was born at Exeter, England, on the 15th of October, 1786. He entered the British Navy in 1798 as first-class volunteer, and was appointed lieutenant in April, 1807. In 1810 he was invalided by an illness which resulted in total loss of sight. In consideration of his helpless circumstances, he was in 1812 appointed one of the royal knights of Windsor, but the quietness of such a life harmonized so ill with his active habits and keen interests that he requested leave of absence to go abroad, and in 1819, 1820 and 1821 journeyed through France, Italy, Switzerland, the parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Belgium and the Netherlands. On his return he published The Narrative of a Journey through France, etc. He again set out in 1822 with the design of making the circuit

of the world, but after travelling through Russia into Siberia, he was suspected of being a spy, was arrested when he had managed to penetrate one thousand miles beyond Smolensk, and after being conducted to the frontiers of Poland, returned home by Austria, Saxony, Prussia and Hanover. He now issued Travels through Russia, Siberia, etc. Shortly afterwards he again set out to accomplish by a somewhat different method the design which had been frustrated by the Russian authorities; and an account of his remarkable achievement was published in four volumes in 1834-1835 under the title of A Voyage Round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, etc., from 1827 to 1832. His last journeys were through Spain, Portugal, Moldavia, Montenegro, Syria and Turkey; and he was engaged in preparing an account of this tour when he died in London on the 29th of July, 1857.

--CCB Outlook, April 1950

## A TEACHER'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the gift of responsibility. Give us this day our daily bread of courage and wisdom, and forgive us our debts of past failure as we forgive those who have failed us. And lead us not into the temptation of indifference to the great issues and needs of our time. But deliver us from the evils of doubt and fear and suspicion and all pettiness. Grant that out of the wide fellowships and noble companionships of our calling may come a deep purpose to go forward as we have never gone forward before. Give us the strength to translate our dreams into the concrete things that must be done day by day to realize those dreams. And may the inspiration of great teachers of all ages be and ever abide with us.

--From the N.E.A. Journal

## SUCCESS IN INDUSTRY

With three-quarters of his factory workers physically handicapped, Robert Freelander, a Worcester, Massachusetts toy manufacturer, has proved that his policy of "hiring the handicapped" pays off--his business has doubled within one year of operation. He is, in fact, getting ready to turn out a line of plastic kites, now that he has acquired the services of still another handicapped man, totally blind and totally deaf James Loughlin, a native of Worcester, who received his rehabilitation training at the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn, New York. Loughlin, placed through the efforts of John Summers, field representative for the Home's deaf-blind department, and blind as well as partially deaf himself, has already brought his production up to the quality and quantity turned out by any fully sighted man in the industry.

In line with the policy of returning the rehabilitated man to his own community, as a social and an economic asset, the head of the deaf-blind department called in Summers and assigned him the task of surveying the town of Worcester for job opportunities. Summers, a machinist before he lost his sight in 1932, and who has worked his way up from a bench in the shops, took a plane to Worcester and made his first stop that town's Chamber of Commerce. From that vantage point he then determined what organizations might offer an opportunity for a deaf-blind man and began a series of visits.

The appearance of a blind and partly deaf man soliciting work for another deaf-blind man is, according to Summers, always conducive to reactions that range from amazement to skeptical amusement. But Summers knows his production figures and knows his machinery. If he is turned down by the personnel man, he turns up later in the vice-president's and then in the president's office. He ends up by making a tour of the plant and noting machines to which he can adapt his prospect. He never asks the employer to adapt the machine to the man. His next step is to slip off his coat and try his own hand at the machine, for his job is to train the prospect himself.

Summers monitored the new worker and will continue to do so until he is satisfied that Loughlin is capable of holding the job. The basis of the agreement he makes is that he himself will pull the worker if he does not prove up to par. The monitoring period is up to three months. Summers demonstrates that his prospect can deliver on a basis of quantity and quality with no special consideration and no engineering of machines. Loughlin met full production standards within a fortnight.

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Please send any announcements which should appear in Touch and Go so that they will reach the editor by the first day of the month preceding the month of issue. For instance, an item for January should reach us by December first.

DEAR EDITOR . . . .

Dear brothers and sisters:

Greetings! First of all I want to say that I am one of the deafened-blinded, for I believe there is a wide difference between the deafened-blinded and the "deaf-blind." I mean, between those who have good knowledge of the normal world and those who lost sight and hearing before memory started--say before four years of age. I had excellent hearing until I was twelve and it has been only during the past dozen years that I have had to depend on a "non-normal" language. I am blessed with a normal voice and can also sing well. I love singing. My sight was also excellent until I was nine; but after an accident and two operations, I lost what little vision I had left, about fifteen years ago. Now to come to brass tacks. I am amazed that so few of you use the "alphabet glove." When at school in Chicago I learned the double manual; some years later, the single one, for talking to deaf-blind friends. I know the block letters, of course, and I was able to read inkprint until I was fifteen. So I feel that I am qualified to advertise the printed glove, which I do. With all other methods the letters have to be made, but with the glove they are already there. Those who talk to me regularly often discard the glove as they and I have memorized the positions. Strangers who've never heard of me, much less the glove, can talk to me readily within a minute of having it explained. The hearing-blind can talk with me as easily as the seeing. Storekeepers who have never seen me before, talk quickly and are very friendly. Oh, my dear friends, do learn the glove method. I am living as normal a life as one can live with a pair of handicaps, thanks to the letter-glove.

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The above is an extract from a letter of Ada Marie Youmans to the deaf-blind in England, published in the Rainbow, December 1949.

"SIGHTLESS MUTE FINDS OUTLET FOR TALENTS
IN CERAMICS CLASS"

"Horace McGraw is a proud man. This past week his ceramics have been on display at his home at 8929 Quincy Avenue, (Cleveland, Ohio), so friends and interested persons might see the new things he has learned to do with his hands.

"Mrs. Horace McGraw is proud of her husband, too. Since 1921, he has been without the use of both his eyes, besides being unable to speak and hear since birth. With such handicaps, she rightly feels his new skill in ceramics is quite remarkable.

"The story of how Mr. McGraw came to take up this new hobby goes back to last fall when he joined the Goodwill Club for visually handicapped persons, meeting every other Thursday afternoon at Friendly Inn. Under the kindly guidance of Miss Emma Pratt, ceramics teacher at this Community Chest agency, he learned slowly step by step to mold, color and fire ceramic objects.

"Now that classes are over for the summer, he is spending his time thinking up new ideas for projects in the fall and working out new objects on his own. At forty-one years of age, with three of his senses cut off, he has developed a new, worthwhile hobby to fill his otherwise idle hours, and he'd like the rest of the community to see the products of his efforts."

--From The Weekly Visitor

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

In some of the Eastern schools there are penny savings banks for children.

Not long ago on a Friday morning a small youth walked up to the desk with an important air and withdrew three cents from his account. Monday morning, however, he promptly returned the money.

"So you didn't spend your three cents, Francis?" remarked the young woman in charge.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but a fellow just likes to have a little cash on hand over Saturday and Sunday."

--Philadelphia Public Ledger

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"You probably don't remember me," began the self-made man proudly, "but twenty years ago when I was a poor, humble boy, you gave me a message to carry."

"Yes, yes," cried the busy man. "Where's the answer?"

---

A woman who had been having trouble with public laundries shrinking her unmentionables found a large railroad spike and tied a tag to it with the inscription: "Try and shrink this."

When her laundry was returned, she found a small carpet tack with a tag tied to it saying, "We did."

--Sun Dial

Fr. Potts

# TOUCH AND GO

Volume IV October, 1950 No. 8

( Inkprint Edition )

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# TOUCH AND GO

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# LIFE IS A TRADER

Life is a trader with much to sell!
   Among the goods when you understand
Are a mother's arms and a lullaby
   And the strength and warmth of a friendly hand;

The laughter of children out from school,
   And ripples ruffling a lily pool.
Life is a trader with much to sell,
   And all of the wares are yours to own:

The new moon and the distant stars,
   The drifting leaves that the wind has blown,
The sight of poplars standing tall
   And cricket rhythms of early fall.

All these and more are the trader's goods:
   Gray geese in flight high overhead
And purple starlings in a wild fig tree;
   The morning sky faint flushed with red;

Grapes hanging heavy upon the vines
   And the sound of wind in mountain pines.
Life is a trader with much to sell,
   And yet the trader will pass you by

Unless you come with a questioning mind
   A strong desire, and the will to try.
For the goods you get the price is small,
   And yours is the right to have them all.

--Robert Kingery Buell

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

The fall of the years has always meant for me the start of new activities. It marks the beginning of work to be accomplished, and I find myself wondering how many of you I shall have the pleasure of meeting personally or through letters in the weeks ahead. The smell of burning leaves; short, sharp gusts of wind; and the slight chill in the air underneath the warmth of the sun, all speak of the busy days to come. It seems much more like New Year now than it does on the first of January. Have you ever felt this way?

In a few weeks Betsie, my Seeing Eye dog, and I will leave for California to work there, and then come back by way of Arizona and New Mexico. Some of you have asked about the field trips and I thought perhaps you might like me to describe one for you.

Whenever it is possible to travel by air, Betsie and I do so, because it is faster and much more comfortable. Betsie adapts herself quickly to new cities and strange hotels. By appointment, I visit the executive director of the state agency for the blind to plan the work to be done. The director usually calls a staff meeting of all his home teachers and other workers for the blind; a meeting which lasts about two days. I urge the workers to learn to talk directly with their deaf-blind people and spend a good deal of time showing them the manual alphabet, the alphabet glove, how to print clearly in the palm, and so forth. I explain that direct conversation will not only give the deaf-blind person a great deal of pleasure, but will also help the worker to know him as an individual and to recognize his abilities. We discuss in detail the need to educate families

and communities to learn these methods of communication and to give more time and thought to serving their deaf-blind friends. Without using names, I describe the work some of you are doing and emphasize the importance of finding work for as many as possible. The problem of sending little deaf-blind children to special schools is discussed, together with the need for more teachers.

After the staff meeting, trips are planned in turn with each of the staff workers to visit deaf-blind people known to them. The visits are made to show the worker how to use some of the methods explained at the meeting and, of course, I find the greatest pleasure in this part of the trip--the chance to meet and talk to deaf-blind persons. It is disappointing not to have time to see everyone. When possible I visit schools for the deaf and for the blind and societies for the hard of hearing.

All of the field trips have full schedules but I find them very interesting. Let us hope that as time goes on these field trips will help to develop better understanding of deaf-blind people, generally.

Thank you all for your good wishes. Remember that I am depending upon you for suggestions to help give better service.

Annette B. Dinsmore

## AN UNUSUAL EXHIBITION

A unique exhibition of sculpture, perhaps the most unusual ever to be held in New York City, was shown at the Brooklyn Museum, September 7-15, and at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery in New York, September 19-29. The exhibits were by students at the San Francisco Center for the Blind. After a showing at the California School of Fine Arts last spring, the exhibition was brought to New York because of the interest shown by the American Foundation for the Blind. Helen Keller opened the two exhibitions.

Six self-portraits, remarkable both in their form and emotional insight, give the chief importance to the exhibition. With these is a group of smaller pieces--animals, dancers and fruit, all done from life and each with striking quality and interest. They are the result of a year's work under Jeanne Kewell, of the faculty of the California School of Fine Arts.

The work of these eleven students was first undertaken for training their hands and to provide useful emotional outlets. Even those with partial vision removed their glasses while they worked in order to be on an equal footing with their sightless fellows. The San Francisco Center for the Blind is enthusiastic about the experiment and hopes it will be widely followed elsewhere.

To quote the San Francisco Chronicle's critic Alfred Frankenstein, the exhibition has proved that these blind artists "have a quick understanding of form and can master clay even more rapidly than those who have sight. Visual art has seldom been regarded as a field for the blind but Miss Kewell's pupils have shown that plastic art, at least, is completely right for the sightless....the work stands on its own feet as important sculpture in addition to its meaning and values in other directions."

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

On an unheralded day in October, 1892, the first American motorcar took to the road. This pioneer contrivance was the labored creation of the brothers Duryea, proprietors of a bicycle shop at Springfield, Mass. The car's body was taken intact from a lady's phaeton, complete with whipsocket. Once its ear-splitting one-cylinder engine was started, there was no way to control the car's speed; it ran seven miles an hour until it hit something or stopped.

Within a few years all sorts of motor vehicles were on the market--electric cars, steam cars, gasoline cars. Less orthodox ones were propelled by compressed air, kerosene, acetylene gas, ether, liquid air, and illuminating gas. A Chicagoan brought out a multiple-cylinder engine so designed that the driver, when running on level ground, could disconnect the cylinders not needed and give them a rest.

Still more economical transportation was promised by a spring-motor vehicle, which was supposed to wind itself up by first running down hill. The inventor failed to explain what happened when there was no hill to go down. If none of these engines met the buyer's fancy, there was a French vehicle which actually ran on mothballs, achieving three miles to the pound of moth repellent. Its chief trouble was that the exhaust emitted fumes as abhorrent to men as to moths--as bad, perhaps, as the fumes of the modern bus.

The motor industry early developed a weakness for reckless superlatives. In 1899 one manufacturer assured potential purchasers that "No better car will be made. Time cannot improve it." To visualize the vehicle thus hailed, imagine an ordinary buggy body mounted on bicycle wheels. Hang an oil lamp on the dashboard for a headlight; provide a curved steering tiller, a three-gallon gas tank, and beneath the seat put a steam boiler, wrapped in piano

wire to keep it from exploding.

Learning to use the early car was a bewildering task. The driver of one popular car, for instance, had to contend with three hand-levers, three foot-levers, two hand-wheels and a bell. Then there was the ever-present problem of animal psychology. How should the well-bred motorist approach a skittish horse that had heard his coming from afar? When they met, the chances were that someone was going to be pretty mad; there were even cases when motorists were shot at by embattled farmers.

The mechanical perversity of the early motorcar was almost beyond belief. A gas tank sometimes dropped off. Occasionally, the whole engine fell out. A long journey--say, of fifty miles - was likely to be a via dolorosa of stripped gears, burned-out bearings and clogged valves. At any moment the driver might be forced to take his car to pieces on the road and practically rebuild it, with the usual assistance of idlers and small boys. Failing in this, the car was towed by a horse to the nearest town for repairs.

Most of the repairmen were retired locksmiths, plumbers or bicycle mechanics. With little knowledge but vast curiosity, they usually had a most unfortunate influence upon the machinery brought to their attention. Many a motor trip came to grief at the hands of a mechanic who found "a few other things that needed adjustment." Often the car's ailments baffled the collective scientific genius of a community. Then it was necessary to telephone or telegraph the manufacturer to find out what next to do. In those days the officers of a motor company might expect to be called out of bed any hour of the night to aid a stranded client.

What to call the new vehicle was a serious question. At first "horseless carriage" was popular. Fearful and wonderful were some of the verbal inventions which contended for favor. "Polycycle," "petrocar," "autofiacre" and

"self-propeller" all were in actual use--not to mention "motorcycle," "auto gondola" or "road locomotive."

Similarly there was the question of what to call the driver. "Chauffeur" met with disfavor as too "frenchified" and because it was translated, too literally, to mean "stoker." Instead, "motorneer," "conductor" and "motorman" were advocated.

"Garage" likewise came into vogue slowly. Until well after 1900, the automobile's official residence was still a "stable."

Many new regulations were hastily enacted by frightened legislators, most of whom had never ridden in a motorcar. In 1900 the Federal Government ruled--and for a time it was enforced--that all gasoline must be removed from automobiles before they could be taken on ferryboats. In the nineties, the prevailing speed limit was eight miles an hour--a limit originally designed to suppress horse racing in city streets. Almost everywhere motorists were expected to stop at the request of a horse driver, but San Rafael, Cal., compelled all cars to stop when within 300 feet of a horse. Chicago decreed that all persons wearing eyeglasses could not drive. Spectacles were permitted, but the pince-nez, it was argued, might drop off in a moment of excitement.

English motorists had to cope with an ancient Act of Parliament whereby a mechanical vehicle was obliged to have at least three persons to drive or conduct it, to be preceded by a man with a red flag, to restrict its speed to two miles an hour in towns and four in the open country.

In Germany an old law prohibited any "occupied premises" over a steam boiler. Unfortunately many of the early cars were steam-driven, with the boiler beneath the driver's seat, and these were ruled illegal by a Prussian court.

In 1895 the Chicago Times-Herald sponsored the first great automobile race in this country. The rules provided that the ninety-two miles must be covered

within thirteen hours. Ice was an important item in early racing, cakes of it being placed on the engine at intervals to cool its fever heat.

Eleven drivers signified their intention to participate in the race, but only three could get started. One of these never got beyond the city limits; another ran into a ditch in trying to avoid a wayward farm wagon. The third, a German Mueller-Benz, had only to keep going in order to win. Even that was a sporting proposition; but finally, after eight hours and forty-four minutes of clattering and puffing, it lumbered across the finish line. The judges reported that it had "stood the test of the journey, with all its hardships, in a magnificent manner." Included in the hardships were three stops to repair the "sparking machine," and another to retrieve a tire which had rolled off.

The Times-Herald, with a sponsor's prerogative, wrote a glowing article, but the rival Tribune treated the whole proceeding with skepticism. The winning car "hove as though it carried a small earthquake with it and yawed from side to side like a Dutch galiot in a seaway....The star act of Mr. Reed, the steward, was feeding the motorcycle with ice. Slung by a copper wire above what would regularly be the poop deck was a galvanized iron tank filled with ice. Every few minutes Mr. Reed would lean over the taffrail and vigorously attack the ice with a tack hammer. When he had pounded up a sufficient quantity, he would shovel it into the machine."

Thus, amid praise and ridicule, our pioneer motorists made the first assaults upon the barriers of space and time. They were hardy souls. Theirs was a creed of noble simplicity--that what one man had built, another man could keep in motion. Strong in this faith, they suffered, endured and conquered.

--From the Yale Review

## WORD ANCESTRY

### Deprecate, Depreciate

"Deprecate" and "depreciate" are two words whose meanings are frequently confounded, and with some reason, for they do approach one another. Yet they are quite distinct, and a glance at the derivation of these words will enable you to understand and observe that distinction.

"Deprecate" means literally "to pray away"--de, "away;" precari, "to pray" --that is, to seek to avert by praying, and as one usually seeks to avert that which he disapproves, the word has come to have this meaning also.

"Depreciate" means to "lessen the value of"--or to seek to do so--de, "down;" pretium, "value." "Belittle" is a good definition of "depreciate." Now, what one belittles he is likely to disapprove, and it is here that the meanings seem to approach. But the words are not synonyms and should not be so used.

### Vestige

"Johnny," said mother suspiciously, "every vestige of that cake has disappeared. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, ma'am," said Johnny; "I didn't see any vestige."

What mother really said, though perhaps she didn't realize it, was that her cake had disappeared without leaving a footprint. For the Latin vestigium, from which "vestige" comes, means just that.

Now, if a person leaves a footprint he can be traced by it. An investigator is one who follows footprints. Of course, an investigator does not confine himself to footprints but will follow any clue or trace (and "vestige" also means a trace) which will aid his search.

But when cake doesn't leave even a footprint, how is the shrewdest investigator to know where it has gone?

--From the Jewish Braille Review

# KEEPING ON IN DARKNESS

Frank Hublinger

A number of years ago I became blind in one eye, and not being able to work at my trade any longer, I spent a large part of my spare time visiting among the different homes for the aged in our city. I also called on persons in their own homes who were shut in by sickness and old age. In visiting these old folks I found that most of them were very lonely and could not get out any more to enjoy the things they used to do. I saw there was a great need for some form of church work and entertainment for these lonely old people. So I purchased a good slide projector, screen and a number of Bible slides, also several dozen beautiful travel pictures. I added to my outfit an automatic record player, with several records of good old hymns that would go well with the pictures. At the first rest home to which I took this program I had an audience of twenty-five old folks. Two of these were blind but they enjoyed the songs and the talk that I gave on each picture. When the program was over, these old folks all had a smile on their faces, and they all told me how much good they received from it. I showed my program in several large rest homes, and also took it to the County Home where my audience numbered around one hundred and fifty old people. I also went into private homes where I showed it for just two old people. After continuing in this work for the next three years with much success, and bringing much joy and happiness to many forgotten old people--the unexpected happened, the sight in my other eye began to fail. Within six months my vision was entirely gone. I became very discouraged and I thought the old folks would never see my program again. For about a year I was too discouraged to try to do anything with the program. But one day the Lord spoke to my discouraged heart and said, "Don't give up; keep on keeping on. Remember, I am the Lord, and with Me all things are possible."

Then I took courage and got out my slide projector again. After cleaning the dust off it, I started to operate it in the dark and found that I was able to do it fairly well. With the help of a kind sister we sorted my slides into groups of about fifty slides to a set. Each set I placed in a separate box, marking the name of the set in braille on the cover of the box. By running each set through the projector a number of times I learned the title of every slide in each set. I am using four sets at present, over two hundred pictures. I show all of these and explain each one just as well as if I could see them, and very seldom make a mistake. So, I'm back in the work again, and the old folks seem to get more pleasure from my program now than they did before I lost my sight. They just cannot understand how a blind person would know what pictures he was talking about without help from others. And I would like to say to each one of you, dear readers, that I thank the good Lord for helping me in this work, for I know that it is His will that I should keep on bringing happiness and enjoyment to others.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Miss Margaret C. Beale of 3 Linden Place, Danbury, Connecticut and Mr. Takeshi Kanegae of 1376-Nishi-15-Chome, Minami-8-10, Sappora 20 N.E., Hokkaido, Japan, would like very much to correspond with other deaf-blind people.

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The Commission for the Blind, New York State Department of Social Welfare, announces the appointment of Miss Lorraine Gardner as home teacher in the Binghamton area. Miss Gardner may be reached through the Blind Work Association, 18 Court Street, Binghamton, New York.

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

A naval officer at a South Sea Island station undertook to give an old native a lesson in basic English. He pointed to a marine and said, "man."

The native carefully repeated, "man."

The volunteer teacher went on and pointed to a palm. "Tree," he said. The native echoed, "tree."

Just then a plane roared overhead. The officer thought he would give the native the first chance.

"What?" he asked, pointing upward.

The native looked up, peered at the object, and said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a PB-2-Y, but it might be a B-24."

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Scanning over the job applications to see if they had been properly filled out, a personnel director came across one which read: "Age of father, if living--120. Age of mother, if living--112."

He called the applicant over and asked in astonishment, "But your parents aren't that old, are they?"

"Oh no, sir," was the reply, "but they would have been, if living."

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The train pulled into the station and a traveler on the platform called to a small boy and tossed him a coin. "Son," he said, "here's fifty cents. Get me a sandwich and get one for yourself."

Just as the train was pulling out, the boy ran back to the platform where the passenger was waiting for him.

"Here's your quarter, mister," he called. "They only had one sandwich."

Dr. Potts

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# OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
   When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
   And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away;
   Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
Each night I burn the records of the day;
   At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped;
   To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
   But never bind a moment still to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
   I lend my arm to all who say "I can";
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
   But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
   Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
   And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell.
   Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell;
   Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

--Walter Malone

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Mr. Barnett, Executive Director of the Foundation, has asked me to take Mrs. Bryan's place and to carry on her work to develop a growing service for deaf-blind people. Those of you who knew Mrs. Bryan will realize what a privilege it was for me to work with her for more than two years. Fortunately, too, I have had the opportunity to meet some of you personally and know many of you through correspondence. Some of you have already offered valuable suggestions, and it is my hope that all of you will feel free to send me any ideas which you feel might be helpful.

It has been suggested that you might like to know something about me and especially as to how I happened to become interested in the deaf-blind. For a number of years as a sighted person I taught little deaf children and through this work learned to know a great many deaf people. When I first lost my sight about fifteen years ago, I was introduced to a deaf-blind girl who had just been married and was keeping house for her husband with a skill that astonished me. She is one of the most interesting and brilliant persons I have ever met. She gave me the courage to undertake life without sight and to try to learn to do the things I had thought impossible. Later I worked with the blind in one of our large cities, and during this time met a number of deaf-blind people. I was able to help some of these a little and learned a great deal from others. A few years later, when I was supervising a program of home teaching service, I met another outstanding deaf-blind woman who had won the admiration of many friends because of her unusual literary attainments and through the force of an attractive personality. In

addition to writing, she occupied much of her time in creating beautiful handmade articles at home. This contact showed me once more the capabilities of deaf-blind people. At the same time I realized how lonely and isolated you can be unless you have the chance to take part in the activities enjoyed by your family and friends.

When the opportunity came to engage in special services for the deaf-blind at the American Foundation for the Blind, it seemed to me that here was a chance to tie together all of the experiences I had had; teaching deaf children, working with the blind and my contacts with deaf-blind people themselves. During the past two years I have made a number of field trips to various states and one fact especially has made a deep impression on me. Workers for the blind need to learn to understand deaf-blind people and, above all, they must have faith in them.

Annette Dinsmore, Director
Services for the Deaf-Blind

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Mr. Barnett and I have been discussing vocational possibilities for deaf-blind people and we realize how little we know here at the Foundation about the work you are doing. Mr. Barnett suggested that I ask you to help us, so that we can give practical suggestions to others who need work. If you have been able to earn money, no matter how little, since you lost your sight and hearing, please write and tell us about it. What kind of work have you done?

We want to be able to tell everyone how many and what kind of vocations there are for the deaf-blind. We want to know that we are giving them true facts so that we can urge people with sight to give you an opportunity.

--Annette Dinsmore

[illegible] in [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# DRIVING UP THE THREE-SENSED HIGHWAY

Marjorie Dick McGuffin

I became totally deaf and partially blind in early childhood. For several years I walked alone, by day, stumbling often but stubbornly driving myself on. In early adult life, my three small children began taking turns at the wheel. They let me stumble over many a curb and collide with many an obstacle, but still I drove on, slowly uphill towards achievement, along the three-sensed highway of life.

The deaf-blind, the only ones who travel this particular road, may be divided into three classes. One group abandons all hope of getting anywhere, almost at the starting point, and sits by the roadside as an object of universal but undeserved pity.

Another group is composed of those who have the courage to crash through the barrier and thrust themselves upon society--demanding fellowship and communication wherever they go. They are the ones that are most often shunned. That is because their methods of conversation are so laborious. Few people are willing to take the trouble to learn the finger alphabet, and very few of those will use it when the opportunity arises.

The third group consists of those who neither waste their years in easy chairs nor force themselves upon others, but seek ways to make life worth while and to be as independent as possible. Although they receive much well-earned admiration and praise they, like their fellow travellers, starve for companionship. No matter how intelligent or ambitious a deaf-blind person may be, his language is no less tiresome to those whom Fate has not similarly handicapped.

The deaf-blind are, by far, the loneliest of all afflicted people. Although they do not suffer physically, they suffer deep agony of the soul. Besides being denied fellowship, they are deprived of music, telephones, radios, talking books, the singing of nature, and every beauty that thrills the human eye. Apart from those yearned-for things, the deaf-blind are able to, and many do, live normal and almost independent lives.

In my case, it was a hard and lonely drive until suddenly, in my early forties, I turned an unexpected bend. The selfishness of society was responsible for my loneliness, but I could have lightened my load long ago if I had only adjusted myself to blindness and learned to read braille. I had been completely cut off from literature for twenty-one years. The Heaven-sent desire to read the Bible was the turn in the road of life for me.

After learning to read braille, I taught myself to type. Then I took a composition course and two narration courses by braille correspondence. Now began the easy and rapid uphill thrust, which brought me into an entirely new world. Writing became my hobby, driving the art of knitting almost entirely out of my life, although it had been my closest companion for thirty years. I may never make much of a success as a writer, as normal writers have such a great advantage over me, but my work finds ready acceptance in magazines for the blind and deaf-blind, and sometimes in religious publications.

My new interest in life inspired me toward new achievements. I set to work to find ways to manage alone, to be less a burden and more a help to others. There is nothing remarkable in what progress I have made since I turned the bend and began to live a better life, but listing a few of my little achievements may be of some help to other blind housewives, especially to the deaf-blind.

I have a tiny electric light attached to my typewriter. It is connected to the carriage and goes on a few spaces before the end of each line. That enables me to end my lines properly. Such a device, however, can serve only those who are still able to see the glow of electric lights.

I have a small cupboard built at the end of my back porch. My egg man, baker, and greengrocer each has a shelf. I leave notes and money out on the correct days. I find it very convenient; so do they.

When I expect visitors, which is very rarely, I leave my back door unlocked so they can walk in. But when I expect a stranger or strangers, such as delivery men, I have the doors locked and keep my dog in the house to tell me when they arrive. I hold her collar and she leads me to the correct door.

I had scratches cut under the switches on my electric range. By feeling which way the scratches are running I can tell how the switches are.

I keep a tiny piece of string tied to the bottom of the button-band of all white shirts so that I can keep them separated from colored ones on wash days.

I tell spices apart by keeping them in different kinds of cans, or in different places. If there were another woman in my house I'd be in a sorry fix, I know. Fortunately, I'm the cook and things stay where they belong all year round.

Before I began to seek ways of improving my way of life, I was extremely nervous, depending on others for protection. Nothing on earth could induce me to stay home alone at night. I was scared to sit up after the rest of the family had retired. I was afraid to be alone in the basement and often let the furnace go out rather than go down. Now I laugh when I think

of those silly old days, for I have self-confidence and faith in Divine protection.

I stay home alone at night now whenever necessary, and even go down to fix the furnace without turning on the light. To tell the truth, I think I am safer in the dark. If attacked I could get around better than my foe, as a stranger would be like a fish out of water in the dark. I have the courage, now, to open the door when I am alone at night if I think I feel a knock. Just think, I used to be scared to go out on the porch alone at night even when people were in the house.

Being unable to telephone, and in some cases unable to call for help, the deaf-blind are in difficulty in times of accidents. Calls for help are not always heard, as neighbors may be out or have their radios turned on. Furthermore the deaf-blind are unable to watch for a passerby or a passing car and call for help at the appropriate moment. However, there are various ways to get assistance, especially by leaving notes out for deliverymen.

Not long ago I ran my right arm through my electric wringer, right up to my elbow. It was a very painful accident and occurred at nine in the morning. The postman was the first person I expected, so I waited till I was sure he was not coming. The milkman was my next means of getting a doctor. I put a note, which I had to type with one hand, in the milk bottle. He came late that day, so it was two o'clock in the afternoon before a doctor arrived. Since that accident I have arranged, at my kind neighbor's suggestion, to put a piece of white paper in my kitchen window whenever I need help. It has never been necessary to do so but I think all deaf-blind housewives and women who are sometimes at home alone, also blind ones who have no telephones, should make some such arrangement with their neighbors.

Although I have made much progress since I began my new and better life, I have failed, like most deaf-blind people, to win fellowship. The deaf, as a rule, are more friendly to me than the blind or the normal. That is, no doubt, merely because the deaf are natural users of the hand-language. People usually come to see me when invited, especially when invited for dinner.

Relatives of deaf-blind people usually refuse to take them to deaf gatherings because they themselves get bored at such affairs. Yet they take the deaf-blind to places where nobody can or will talk to them. They even take them to movies and compel them to sit through hours of boredom while they themselves heartily enjoy the show. Such relatives have hearts of stone.

I heard of the case of a deaf-blind woman who lived alone in an apartment. Save for an occasional visit from her home teacher, she rarely had a caller except for a grumbling relative who took her groceries once a week. He would not even take her to see a doctor or dentist. I have also heard of a deaf-blind man whose housekeeper bawled him out whenever he stumbled over her cat or dog. In other words, she treated the man who provided her with a home and salary as if he were lower than a dumb animal.

Am I wrong when I claim that the deaf-blind are the loneliest and most ill-treated of all afflicted people? Normal people would rather push a heavy wheel chair than serve as a deaf-blind person's guide because they can enjoy the crippled person's conversation along the way. People will read to the blind and do no end of errands for the bed-ridden, yet refuse to visit, guide and encourage those whom God has placed upon the three-sensed highway of life. Will society ever pave that road with fellowship and mark it with willing guides?

--From the CCB Outlook, April 1950

CONFIDENTLY CLIMB THE STAIR

Some time ago a girl in high school wrote Helen Keller a question: "How do you approach old age?" The questioner had been studying in class Cicero's essay on old age. And this was the reply of the famous American woman, blind and deaf since childhood: "You are the first person who has asked me pointblank that question. I cannot help smiling--I who have declared these many years that there is no age to the spirit. Age seems to me only another physical handicap, and it excites no dread in my mind--I who have lived so triumphantly with my limitations.

Once I had a dear friend of eighty who said she enjoyed life more at that age than she had at twenty-five. Never count how many years you have, this friend would say, but how many interests. Then and there I resolved to cherish an inextinguishable flame of youth.

All my life I have tried to avoid ruts, such as doing things my ancestors did before me, or leaning on the crutches of other people's opinions, or losing my childhood sense of wonderment. I am glad I still have a vivid curiosity about the world I live in.

Now, in answer to your question: I suppose that age, like blindness, is an individual problem. Everybody discovers its roseate mountain peaks, its gloomy depths, according to his or her temperament.

It is as natural for me to believe that the richest harvest of happiness comes with age as to believe that true sight and hearing are within, not without.

Confidently I climb the broad stairway that love and faith have built, to the heights where I shall look out upon other, higher peaks beyond. For there is always something better farther on."

--From The Sunbury, Pa., Item, May 3, 1950

FROM OUR MAILBAG

Dear Miss Dinsmore:

You asked if I had any suggestions on communication with the deaf-blind. I hardly know what to say other than this--everyone figures out his own system to a certain extent. I'll tell you my experience from the time this total deafness struck suddenly a number of years ago. Happening in this way it gave me little time to work out my problem.

I brailled a card with print letters around each braille letter and carried it with me, having people put my finger on the letters to spell what they wanted to say. My girls were then aged thirteen months and two and a half years so that they could not use the card. The older one, Juanita, worked out her own communication problem. Though she was only two and a half years old, she must have done some hard thinking. When she wanted a drink, she showed me the faucet and then the glass. I was alone during the day with just the two children. When someone knocked at the door, Nita would come and find me wherever I was, knock in my hand and then take me to the door. I'd open it, keep hold of her and could always feel her talking. In a minute she would slam the door shut. After about a week or so, I found out from the landlord what Nita said every time people came to the door. It was this: "Mamma cannot hear and Daddy will be home at six." When Joyce, the baby, fell and was crying, Nita would come and get me, pucker up her face as if she were crying, showing this to me with my hand, then take me to the baby. If the baby fell asleep on the floor with her toys, Nita would come to me, shut her eyes, showing me with my hand and then lay her head over to one side. Slowly she would take me to where Joyce lay, carefully putting my hand on her. When I

had the baby in my arms, Nita would guide me to the davenport. She had lots of other tricks which she used in telling me things.

I did all my own shopping, always taking both children with me, Joyce on my hip and Nita walking beside me. I admit I couldn't carry more than one shopping bag but we managed with that. When we shopped in the dime stores, Nita could always find whatever I was looking for because I described the kind of things to look for on the counter where the article would be located. It was hard work, I'll admit, but worth it just to know that I was not licked yet.

--Mrs. L. Powers

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Miss Jackie Coker of 4135 Old Sonoma Road, Napa, California and Mr. Michael Lengyel of 92 Farley, Newark, New Jersey would like very much to correspond with other deaf-blind people.

One deaf-blind man has asked us to enclose self-addressed gummed labels when we reply in braille to his letters. He pastes these labels on his rolled braille letters and, therefore, does not need to ask someone to write the address for him. If you would like to receive labels of this kind, let us know when you write.

Those of you who knew Josephine Peters of Binghamton, New York will be sorry to hear that she died a few months ago. Miss Peters was a home teacher and worked for the New York State Commission for the Blind. She took great interest in work for the deaf-blind.

THINGS I WISH I HAD KNOWN BEFORE I WAS TWENTY-ONE

What I was going to do for a living, and what my life work would likely be.

That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was twenty-one.

How to take care of money.

The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after twenty-one.

That a harvest depends upon seeds sown.

That you can't get something for nothing.

That the world would give me just about what I deserved.

That the sweat of my brow would earn my bread.

That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but brings the best of everything else.

That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors, but also in dealing with myself and with God.

The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.

The folly of not taking older people's advice.

That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.

That "dad" wasn't an old fogy after all.

What it really meant to father and to mother to rear their son.

More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, especially the four books dealing with the life of Christ.

The greatness of the opportunity and joy of serving a fellow man.

--Author Unknown

Dr. Potter

# TOUCH AND GO

Volume 4 June, 1950 No. 6

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# TOUCH AND GO

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# THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
   With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
   World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
   And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree--
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
   And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
   With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles
   And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small
   I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
   A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, tho you are such a dot:
   You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

--William Brighty Rands

## A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I don't believe that I have had a chat with you since March 1948, when Mrs. Bryan was ill. Nevertheless, I have been very much interested in your letters and especially in the articles, poems and jokes which you have sent in. Don't be too greatly disappointed or discouraged if these have not appeared in Touch and Go. We try to balance each issue by having some easier and some more difficult reading, some lighter and some more serious material, many articles by and about deaf-blind persons and a few general articles. Whatever you sent in has been kept and some of it will appear on a suitable occasion.

We know that you will miss seeing and hearing from Mrs. Bryan, but you may be sure that you will not be neglected even though she has left the American Foundation for the Blind. You have many good friends here who are very much interested in your welfare and we hope to be able to do more and more for you as the days go by.

This is the season of the year for June weddings and school graduation exercises and I know that you will all want to know about one of your number, Robert Smithdas. He will be graduated cum laude from St. John's University, in Brooklyn, on June 11, after spending four years there. He has specialized in philosophy and sociology and has attained an overall average of about 88%. The Foundation has helped to sponsor his education and is very much pleased with his record. A reception and dinner in his honor is to be held at the Industrial Home for the Blind on June 12. Mr. Smithdas plans to take refresher courses, especially in speech therapy, this summer and, in October, will join the staff of the Industrial Home as representative for the public

education program. Even though Mr. Smithdas had good sight until he was six years old and retained some hearing until he was eleven years of age, his continued progress in school after becoming totally blind and deaf is remarkable.

As you know, Touch and Go is not published in July or August, so this will be the last issue until September. We hope that you will all keep well and that you will have a pleasant summer. Send us some more articles so that we shall have several on hand for the fall and winter. You shall hear from us again about the first of September.

--P. C. Potts

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The Name, Please?

Heather is from a Teutonic word meaning waste, because it grows on waste ground. (The dwellers on heaths were the last to embrace Christianity, hence "heathen.")

Digitalis, the foxglove or ladies' fingers, is from digitus, a finger, referring to the shape of the flowers. (The use of the word digit in arithmetic arose from the habit of counting on the fingers.)

Cabbage is from the Italian capuccio, diminutive of capo, a head. (We still speak of a head of cabbage.)

Nasturtium is from the Latin nasis, a nose, and tortium, twisting, from its acrid smell.

--From Plant Names by T. S. Lindsay

CAN YOU HEAR A PIN DROP?

(Concluded from the May issue)

Hugh Grant Rowell, M. D.

Intelligent people are quick to readjust their voices to my hearing range. Sometimes they overdo it and shout loudly. Tactfully I tone them down. The important thing, I tell them, is to speak clearly, distinctly, at fairly close range. Amusing situations grow out of the efforts of some persons to help me hear. "What on earth are you doing with your face?" I asked a friend. "Are you by any chance practicing your singing lesson?" "Why, no," the young lady replied in some confusion. "I was exaggerating my lip movements so you could read them." "Be yourself," I told her amiably. That phrase best expresses the advice I would give anyone who converses with a deafened person. Nevertheless I appreciate any effort to make me understand.

Deafened people react differently to isolation in the midst of a social group. One woman I know said recently, "I smile mechanically and hope they think I am joining in the merriment. I wish I dared ask them to speak louder or repeat what they say. But I know I would soon make myself a nuisance."

One of my deafened friends seems to take an unholy joy in turning every conversation into a shambles. He insists upon hearing everything. Each person has to repeat his words until all spontaneity is gone. I used to be like that--but no more. It doesn't seem fair. Nowadays, when I can't hear the conversation, I pause and reflect: "If these people are talking about anything important in politics, science or world affairs, I can find it all in the daily newspapers and magazines. If they're talking philosophy or religion, I can find it in my library. If they're just talking--well, it wouldn't do me any good."

One thing is certain; while they're talking, I can be thinking. The deafened person has more opportunity to develop an inner life, a deeper, richer philos-

ophy than the person whose ears are always on the job.

When I first crossed the threshold into a world of half-silence I was oppressed by the feeling of being alone. Later, I learned I had joined an army of 20,000,000 people. Twenty millions--one person out of every seven--on this continent are deafened, and 3,000,000 of them are deaf school children. Some of them are only slightly hard of hearing. Others can't hear a shrill alarm clock two feet from their ears.

You'll find them everywhere. On the board of directors of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing are a lawyer, a manufacturer, several business executives, a retired merchant, and several doctors; all deafened; all successful. A prominent judge on the New York State Supreme Court bench is hard of hearing. He also solved his problem with a wiring system which brings the voices of witnesses and attorneys to his desk, and his decisions are rarely reversed. In New York, the most difficult, complex journalistic arena in all the world, is a deafened newspaperman who has held his job for fifteen years.

Everybody knows about the deafened genius, Edison, who often observed that deafness helped him concentrate. But if I were a newly deafened person, I think I should get more inspiration from Evelyn Parry than from any other example that comes to mind. At the age of fourteen illness made her partly deaf. She took a short course in lip-reading and then went on with her high school work. At twenty-two, another illness lowered her hearing so that no ordinary human voice reached her ears. She went to the New York League for the Hard of Hearing for advice. There she was told to take up lip-reading again, to study it, master it. She enrolled in their classes and settled down to hard work. Two years later, through her skill in lip-reading, she obtained a good position with a large corporation. She has won distinction in national lip-reading competition. The corporation she works for is proud of her. She was one of five employees to receive an increase in salary out of an organization of more than two hundred.

Had I known it, lip-reading would have made my own pathway easier. Several years ago I took a short course, and it has helped tremendously. Believe me, it is the doorway to a new world for the hard of hearing. How long does it take to learn lip-reading? One year to a lifetime. It's an art--not merely a course of study. Children pick it up quickly. The average adult requires about two years.

Another boon to the deafened is the electric hearing aid. Years ago hard-of-hearing folks carried horns, tubes, cones, even fans held between the teeth, to magnify sound. Since the telephone electricity has brought sharper, better amplification.

Sixty per cent of all deafened persons can do what I did--readjust themselves to the handicap and carry on their respective occupations for which they were trained. Forty per cent must begin over again in some other line of work.

Here are some jobs that deafened persons do better than those with normal ears, because they are trained to concentrate: research, proofreading, typing, bookkeeping and auditing, tabulating and statistical work. Employers have found that deafened persons put more quiet concentration, study, and thoughtful effort into their work than do employees with first-rate ears.

On the other hand, there are jobs where the deafened find the going rough. No young girl with impaired hearing should try to become a stenographer. Selling over the counter, or any job that requires contact with the public would better be avoided.

If there is any tragedy in deafness, it is not so much in the readjustment of adults to their handicaps as in the neglect of children's ears. More than 3,000,000 school children today are struggling for an education with impaired hearing. Teachers and parents consider them dumb because they can't keep up with their fellows. The cause may be removable; if neglected, the trouble may reach the middle ear--then look out.

At least half of adult deafness could be avoided if we used universally the

present systematic method of testing children's ears, locating the trouble early enough for treatment, and following the treatments which the doctors know are required. We deafened folks have our sports and amusements. Mine are the same as anybody's--golf, tennis, dancing, swimming (wearing a helmet to protect my ears and not trying to dive). Deafened people can dance and keep good time, too. We get the rhythm from the floor and from the vibration of the drum and bass fiddle. We miss the silent movies. Talkies are all but meaningless to those of us who are too deafened to catch the dialogue. Others find that the raucous tones are unpleasant. Radio entertainment is satisfying because we can tune the loud speaker to our own hearing range; or, if too deafened for that, we can listen through headphones connected with the receiver. The legitimate theatre, unless it is wired, is out of the question for most of us--with this exception.

I like solitary amusements--reading, tinkering. From a shop in my cellar has emerged, wagon by wagon, car by car, tent by tent, "The World's Smallest, the Greatest Little Show on Earth." It is the most complete model in existence of a great circus organization, and was exhibited under the auspices of the Messrs. Ringling. Another solitary hobby--tinkering with old clocks. Thirty or forty of those old-timers owe their present state of repair and activity to hours I've spent in the cellar. But my wife doesn't let me linger there too long. She knows the danger of leaving deafened people "solitary"--although by now there's no danger of my turning hermit. Still, she insists on a lively mixture of bowling, dancing, and bridge.

So, with her help, I've turned the corner. Worries that used to keep me tossing restlessly at night are all gone. I'm no longer afraid of strangers, dinner parties, or railway journeys. In fact, between ourselves, I'm enjoying my deafness.

--From the American Magazine

## VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION

Last year's 5,087 "hearing disability" rehabilitants brought to a grand total of 22,668 the number of persons of working age afflicted with deafness or impaired hearing who have been rehabilitated, most from idleness and dependency, into suitable jobs during the six years of State-Federal operations under strengthened legislation enacted in 1943. 1,152 deaf and 3,935 hard of hearing men and women were rehabilitated in 1949. They were prepared for and placed in virtually every type of trade and occupation. These rehabilitations reflect not only a salvaging of individual earning ability and manpower, but a higher standard of living for the families of the impaired workers and a real gain in national income as well as society's welfare.

Special services provided the deaf and the hard of hearing rehabilitated in 1949 include auditory training, speech training, the selection and fitting of hearing aids, and special job training. Hearing aids were purchased for 3,401 hard of hearing clients. Training for employment was provided to 324 of the deaf and 641 of the hard of hearing. Of the deaf persons trained, 117 received training in business establishments, 67 in private trade schools, 42 in public vocational schools, 42 in business colleges and the remainder in colleges or universities, by college or university extension courses, private tutor, or correspondence.

## THOUGH LOSING MY SIGHT

Song of bird and scent of flower,
   Warmth of sun and balm of air,
These will help me pass the hour,
   These will tell me earth is fair.

Water rippling on the lake,
   Pine leaves rustling in the wood,
Nature's plan of give and take,
   These will tell me life is good.

In mind's eye I'll color see,
   Many a sunset's radiance;
These will linger long for me
   With gorgeous pomp and circumstance.

Treasured memories numberless,
   Always mine; remembered joys
Can come to me in times of stress
   When stumbling in the dark annoys.

Taking courage now, I'll face
   What's ahead and not despair,
Friends will help me in life's race,
   Many pleasures still I'll share.

--Ann Redrup

# PLEASE GIVE US A CHANCE

Anna Mae Johnson

They were a happy family, this little Page group. There was father Page, or Mr. George Page, Sr.; his devoted wife, Helen; George Jr., aged fifteen; Dorothy, ten; Virginia, seven; and baby Helen, three.

But tonight, instead of the usual merry laughter, as they gathered in the living room after supper, there was a grave and sober demeanor.

Aunt Sarah, Helen's only sister, had lost her husband, Mr. Paul Lawrence Douglas. Their only child had died about a year before, and Aunt Sarah was alone in the world. Not only alone, but also blind and deaf, and, as they thought, helpless as a baby.

But more to be polite than for any other reason, they had offered her a home and she had gladly accepted it, feeling that she did have someone after all who wanted her, even though her devoted husband, Paul, to whom she had been married for thirty-five years, was dead. Mr. Douglas was a cousin of Helen's husband, and they had always been good friends. But tonight the problem was what to do about Aunt Sarah. Someone would even have to dress and feed her. For what could a deaf-blind person do? After all plans had been made, they retired for the night and awaited the arrival of their charge.

Well, the day finally came for Aunt Sarah to arrive. She came early in the afternoon. It was Saturday. After she had had a good, refreshing shower, they all sat down to dinner. After serving Aunt Sarah's plate, they were about to prepare to feed her, when she began to eat by herself. George Jr. sat staring at her with his mouth wide open until his father reminded him that his soup was getting cold. "Gee, dad, she can eat by herself, and not spill soup on her clothes, like you do--and you can see." Dad blushed, but it was true.

After dinner, Helen, thinking that the new arrival would like to go to her room to rest, after the long trip from Nebraska to New Hampshire, was about to ask her if she would like to rest, when Aunt Sarah asked to be shown through the house. Everyone gasped, but said nothing. She had taken careful notice of everything. How the furniture was arranged, the doors and windows, how the stove was lit and the flame adjusted, how the sweeper was run. Then she went to the laundry and investigated everything. After everything had been inspected, she then retired for the night and enjoyed a good sleep.

As is the case in many homes, the Pages do not arise early on Sunday morning. But Aunt Sarah did. Helen heard someone stirring about in the kitchen, and slipping out of bed and into slippers and gown, she went to see what was going on. She stopped and sniffed. Sausage frying. Coming to the door, she halted again. Aunt Sarah was busy with the mixing bowl. Yes, she was making muffins. Yes, she could cook. But what was that funny-looking book on the table? Helen had never seen braille before. By this time the whole family was aroused. Aunt Sarah, knowing that she was being observed, asked who was there. They all came forward. (She was not stone deaf, but did not use a hearing aid.) Yes, Aunt Sarah could cook. They found that out that day.

The next morning, Helen got another shock when she came downstairs and found her doing her own washing. And so it was soon known that Aunt Sarah was not at all helpless. She could wash, cook, clean her room and sew. When they told her they had thought they would even have to dress and feed her, how they did laugh together. "Please give us a chance," she laughed. "We are normal people also and we would like to have a chance to use what we have."

JOB'S COMFORTERS

The end of your rope may well be the beginning.

* * *

Be thankful the hard of hearing are sound of mind.

* * *

The more bed rooms a man owns, the less he sleeps.

* * *

Backing is progress to some and retreat to others.

* * *

Buyers overburdened with friends should take to selling.

* * *

Those who start at the top can climb only one way -- down.

* * *

A little more stretch for the pay may stretch the pay a little.

* * *

Spending 42 billion of a 38 billion income, and budgeting the balance, sounds taxing.

* * *

Rocks in the stream of life are hazards to floaters but stepping stones to those who don't mind shouldering their canoes.

* * *

In return for the entire production from her satellite countries, what will Russia take away next from her beloved friends?

* * *

By the time we succeed in doing a good clean job we are about washed up.

* * *

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# TOUCH AND GO

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# SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
   And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
   And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
   Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
   Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
   Glad in the freedom of "school is out,"
Came happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
   Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman, so old and gray,
   Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
   So weak and timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
   Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
   The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
   "I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
   She placed, and so without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
   Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
   His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
   For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And someone, sometime, may lend a hand
   To help my mother--you understand?
If ever she's poor, and old and gray,
   And her own dear boy is far away."

Somebody's mother bowed low her head,
   In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
   Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
   But heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
   And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

-- Mary D. Brine

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

Friends are very, very valuable possessions and since this program began I have been most fortunate to count you among mine. Because friendship is so precious, the decision with which I have been faced has been even harder than it ordinarily would be. Only through asking God's help and guidance have I been able to make it. It is that after June first I shall no longer be in work for the deaf-blind.

Do not be concerned over the future of the work. It will continue and go forward into a bigger and better program. If I did not think this, I would not leave it, regardless of other considerations. Knowing that there are others who can and will carry on the work fully as well, if not better than I, gives me the freedom to leave.

It was a real joy to start this program and each little step forward has meant a great deal to me. I only wish it had been possible to move more rapidly but in any new program it is necessary to build, bit by bit, and establish a firm foundation. There are many, many things needing to be done and I can foresee an ever expanding and helpful program for you.

I shall never forget you and my interest in the work shall not wane.

May God bless you and keep you always.

-- Dorothy Bryan

CAN YOU HEAR A PIN DROP

Hugh Grant Rowell, M. D.

I sat in a stiff little upright chair while the doctor peered at my eardrums. I continued to sit there, staring at the wall, when he arose, walked a few steps away, and began calling numbers in a low voice. I was to repeat them--as long as I could hear. "Seventy-six." That one was easy. "Seventy-six." He moved a little farther off. "Forty-three." Fainter now, but still I heard it. "Forty-three." Another step back. "Sixty-....." The last figure was just a ghost, lost in the fog. I couldn't hear it, and so I shook my head.

The doctor came back and sat down beside me. Gravely, frankly, he told me the truth: I was deafened. My ears had lost half their hearing power. I was condemned to a world of near silence. Calmly we talked it over. Probably we joked about it. I could still hear laughter--if it was loud enough.

I knew a good deal about ears, for I was a doctor, too. In medical school I had often handled those three tiny, fragile-looking bones--hammer, anvil and stirrup--that help transmit sound to the brain. I never thought that my own would be in trouble some day.

Now, with my general medical knowledge and my friend's specialized skill, we went back through my childhood "history," looking for clues to the cause. Calm, disinterested; two doctors looking through a microscope. I'd never had ear trouble--no aches, no running ears following neglected colds, measles, scarlet fever or other childhood infections. No one had pulled or boxed my ears. There had been no amateur doctoring with fluids. No prying hairpins had scratched the canals and delicate drums.

We were never able to answer that simple question, "Why?" There were two slight leads: first, an acute sinus infection which had cleared up rapidly; second, that fatigue which always results from a period of years at college,

medical school, and hospital without proper intervals of rest. Possibly these were the cause of what happened to me. But we weren't sure. Doctors have a lot to learn about the vagaries of the human ear.

My trouble was obstructive, or catarrhal, deafness. Was there any hope that the condition would clear up and my normal hearing return? None. Neither nature nor science could revitalize the ineffective tissue inside the ear structure and restore the acute perception of sound which I had lost. The doctor told me that frankly. My medical training and my common sense told me the same thing. Well, that was that. I got my hat and coat, walked out of his office into the twilight, and began to plan some changes in my life.

It wasn't so easy nor so orderly as it sounds. For awhile I had a pretty bad time. Every time I saw a symphony concert poster in a shop window my lips tightened. Goodbye to all that! The sight of a bird annoyed me. I remember how the robins outside my window used to waken me on April mornings. Well, their noisy chirruping wouldn't bother me any more.

Every sound I heard was a challenge. Every conversation was a strain. To make matters worse, my ears developed noises of their own; an alternate buzzing and ringing that made hearing more complicated.

At night I lay awake, contemplating the bright future that might have been, tossing restlessly, counting the hours till morning. No, I didn't consider suicide. Deafened persons rarely look to self-destruction as the way out. But I worried myself to nervous exhaustion. Would my hearing grow worse? Would I become a social outcast? What would become of my family if my earning power diminished?

In a few weeks I came through this dark period to the cold daylight of common sense. Despair and self-pity wouldn't pay the rent nor the grocer. I took stock of my assets. My general health was good. I had friends. I had a

loyal, devoted wife. I had a good medical education.

My first decision concerned my work. I might have faced the complex problems of a practicing physician with second-rate ears. But the public prefers to place its life in the hands of a doctor who is physically perfect himself. I never really wanted to undertake private practice, and a first-class opportunity decided me to enter institutional and educational work. The position was that of health director in a large city. I told my prospective employer frankly about my defect, and got the job.

So far, my career as a deafened person had consisted of receiving the bad news, going through a terrific emotional strain, and then getting down to business. The transition period was comparatively easy for me, I realize now, because I faced the facts. Some deafened persons have a much harder time, often because they refuse to face them.

One man I know wouldn't accept the doctor's verdict. One doctor, he reasoned, couldn't keep abreast of all the newest scientific discoveries. Surely, somewhere, there was a specialist who could restore his ears to par again. He became a "tourist," wandering from one doctor's office to another, paying $5 to $50 for examinations. At length he heard of a so-called specialist who claimed to have developed a new way of relieving ear troubles. There are plenty of such men. Eagerly he called this doctor's office on the telephone to arrange an appointment. A business-like secretary told him the doctor was booked up for three months ahead, but she would arrange an appointment for the following November. He waited, with mounting hopes. Meanwhile, a booklet arrived through the mail, describing the "specialist's" methods of revitalizing impaired ears, giving a list of distinguished patients with testimonials. The booklet was convincing enough to anyone who didn't understand that a physician just doesn't send out such stuff unless he wishes to risk being classed as irregular by his fellow

practitioners. When the appointed day arrived, the man went to the doctor's office an hour ahead of time, waited his turn in a luxurious reception room, and finally met the "specialist." The examination was brief. The prescribed treatment--ever so secret, ever so expensive--would cost $1,000. The hopeful patient took it--and paid. He is still wondering when that money will bring dividends in hearing.

Any honest medical man could have told him he was a victim of a charlatan--one of those dwellers in the medical twilight zone who have mulcted millions of dollars out of credulous deafened persons; one of those so-called specialists whose treatments have been branded as unsound by the American Medical Association and the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing. But he wouldn't listen. Still he sought the unattainable. Two years ago he read in a newspaper that the sudden changes in air pressure encountered by airplane passengers had been known to restore hearing to the deafened. He spent $50 riding the sky at high altitudes, but all he got for his money was the view. If anything, his ears were further deafened by the roaring propellers. I saw him only the other day. He was carrying in his pocket a small box of ointment made from some kind of oil "obtained at a great expense from a secret spot in the Fiji Islands." Periodically he rubbed the stuff behind his ears; still living in hope, waiting for a miracle.

Luckily I had no such illusions. But when I had passed through that first period of readjustment I may have believed that my problem was solved, that in those few weeks I had learned all there was to know about making the best of a pair of disabled ears.

I soon found I had only begun. As long as life moved in a narrow groove between home and office, everything was comparatively tranquil. But once that routine was broken by a railway journey, a dinner party, a contact with new people, complications arose.

Railway journeys begin at the ticket window. You'd be surprised how many questions the clerk can mumble. "One way or round trip? What train are you going on, the five o'clock or the six-fifteen? Upper or lower?" Now, I can't afford to engage in any such cross-fire. Long experience at railroad ticket windows has taught me to make my wants so definite and explicit that I won't have to strain my ears to catch mumbled queries and hold up the traffic behind me. Here's the way I do it: "I want a one-way ticket to Chicago on the five o'clock train this afternoon. If you haven't got a lower, I'll take an upper." That leaves no room for questions. All the clerk has to do is to take my money, slip my ticket through the window, and wish me a pleasant journey.

In the observation car I find myself sitting next to a sociable stranger, and another problem arises. Shall I answer him gruffly and crawl into my shell? Or shall I pretend that I hear everything he is saying and try to bluff my way through. I've tried both methods and they're no good. I don't want to be a hermit. I like to hold up my end of any conversation that promises to develop interesting ideas. I want to be a normal sociable human being. But bluffing doesn't solve the problem. My friends used to say to me, "Don't tell a soul about your hearing. You can still get by. Keep it to yourself."

I never tried this advice but others have tried it for awhile. They find it doesn't work. Sooner or later people get wise to you. One of the first things I say to a stranger is this: "Just a little louder, please. I'm a bit hard of hearing." Said with a smile, this is a magic formula.

---

Note: Dr. Rowell, who is an assistant professor of education at Columbia University, wrote this article about his deafness several years ago. It will be concluded in our June issue.

TAPS

A wreath of roses and a prayer,
   Three rifle shots, a bugle call--
These humble offerings now we bear
   For those who bore and offered all.

It matters not what foreign sky
   Bends o'er their crosses, white below--
Our thoughts shall find them where they lie,
   And where they sleep, our hearts shall go.

A wreath of roses and a tear,
   The flag they loved upon a staff--
The flowering earth shall be their bier,
   And honor, still, their epitaph.

Then let taps ring across green sod
   For those who fell, mankind to free,
Until the trumpet of our God
   Shall sound eternal reveille.

-- Richard Kinney

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# THE PROBLEM OF COMMUNICATION

Marjorie McGuffin

The original way to communicate with the deaf-blind is by way of the one-hand and two-hand manuals, the natural languages of the deaf. However, only those who have learned to read and write, at least to master grammar to a reasonable extent, can understand the manuals. For those unfortunate deaf-blind persons who have been unable to acquire an education, there remains the use of the sign language. People who are not familiar with the original signs of that language can easily invent their own signs. It may be difficult to make the deaf-blind person understand at first, but patience and labor are sure to achieve their goal. The deaf-blind person should lay his hands lightly on the hands of the signer and follow every movement. That is how my husband, who is deaf, interprets the services to me at church. He follows the preacher, sign for sign and letter for letter. I miss nothing. We sit slightly sideways, towards each other, so it is quite convenient.

My blind home teacher and others who understand both braille and the manuals use them together when talking to me. Instead of going through the drudgery of unnecessary spelling, they use all the braille single-letter contractions. That is my favorite way of communication.

People who don't know the manuals talk to me in all sorts of ways. Some write on my palms with their fingers. Others take hold of one of my forefingers and use it for a pencil to write on the best spot available. Before I went totally blind people used to write in the air. I had to read backwards then. When my children were small they invented a way of their own. They could use the manuals, of course, but when I was washing or working at the sink, or battling with dough, they couldn't make me

spare a hand. So this is how they talked to me on such occasions--they wrote on my back. Even my dog has a way of her own. She touches me with her paws in certain ways, and jumps at me in certain ways. If I lay a hand on her nose, she points it at what she wants: at the taps if she wants water, at the breadbox, the cooler, the cookie shelf, and so on. I can't imagine why anybody should find it impossible, or even difficult, to communicate with the deaf-blind. Where there's a will, there's a way. Even my dog knows that.

---

## DEAF-BLIND SWIMMERS

Deaf-blind swimmers are less afraid of the water while they are learning to swim than those who have both sight and hearing, according to Red Cross swimming instructor Fred Orshansky, who volunteered for the unique assignment of working with a class of deaf-blind persons from the Industrial Home for the Blind, Brooklyn, N. Y. This group, under the guidance of Louis Bettica, has been making visits every Tuesday evening to the Bedford Branch of the Y. M. C. A., where the use of the swimming pool has been extended to them.

Mr. Orshansky is enthusiastic about his deaf-blind proteges, and announces that he will enter the class for Red Cross swimming certification this coming fall. Mr. Bettica will continue with his program of swimming for the deaf-blind throughout the summer.

CODICIL TO A WILL

Although the foregoing enjoins my executor to pay my just debts and to distribute my worldly possessions in the manner I have indicated, I cannot leave this world without grateful acknowledgment of debts which I have been unable fully to repay, to wit:

To my mother: for the pain and sacrifice of bringing me into the world, for comforting me when hurt, for encouraging me when I have faltered, for forgiving me when I have been disobedient, for loving me always and forever.

To my father: for setting a pattern of faith and integrity, of modesty and sobriety, of self-control and inner calm, of love and affection beyond anything I have ever known in a fellowman.

To my teachers: for their patience and encouragement.

To my employers: for the opportunity for useful work.

To my friends: for knowing my faults but loving me still.

To my wife: for making a house a home and for giving me, without stint, a companionship, an affection and an understanding beyond price and beyond compare.

To the writers of good books: for sharing their thoughts and experiences.

To martyrs: who, on 10,000 battlefields of mind and body gave me religious and political freedom.

To my ministers: who ever held high the torch of the dignity of man and the immortality of the spirit.

To my fellow-workers: for physical and material comforts, and for making ways easy that could have been hard.

To my children: for their love and faith.

To my God: for imparting to me the knowledge of good and evil, for His assurances of forgiveness if I am truly penitent, and for His eternal promises.

--from Life Can Be Beautiful,
February, 1949

Two small boys had taken the clock apart to see "what made it tick." After examining each part very carefully, they put the clock back together again.

During the night their father was awakened from his sleep when the clock began striking. It struck 117 times without stopping.

"Cindy," he said to his wife excitedly, "you'd better get up. It's later than I ever knowed it to be."

---

A farmer, who had hired a new city boy, asked him if he could milk cows. The boy said he could, so the farmer took him to the barn, where thirty cows were to be milked. A little later, the farmer returned to ask the boy how he was doing.

The boy answered, "I've milked twenty, but there's just one thing."

"What is that?"

"Don't you think I ought to have a bucket?"

---

The doctor was a fellow who spent every free moment lecturing his nurse on health matters. One afternoon he happened to overhear her discussing her job with a friend.

"And how much do you get paid?" asked the friend.

"Seventy-five dollars a week," said the nurse. "Fifteen dollars in cash, and the balance in medical advice!"

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The only reason why a great many Americans do not own an elephant is that they have never been offered one at a dollar down and a dollar a week.

# TOUCH AND GO

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## HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

Have you heard the happy tidings
   That's going all around the town?
There is such a stir and bustle
   As the news flies up and down.

'Twas the south wind brought the message
   On its soft and balmy breeze;
And the robins heard it passing
   And proclaim it from the trees.

And the violets breathed it sweetly
   To their friends, the lilies white,
Who are standing, tall, expectant,
   With their faces to the light.

Lady Daffodil has heard it,
   So she's donned her fresh green gown
And her petticoat of yellow
   And she's coming up to town.

And the geese have heard the tidings--
   They're going whirring by o'erhead--
From the warm south lands they've travelled,
   By their wondrous instinct led.

Oh, there's such a happy bustle
   As the news flies up and down!
That Sir Springtime's sent a message
   That he's coming up to town.

--A. M. Adam

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

Spring is officially here and I hope that by the time this reaches you we will all know it by the weather! Surely there is no one who doesn't feel a lightening of spirit when the lovely days of this season come.

Last month I mentioned the Florida Magazine of Verse in telling of some poems which Robert Smithdas has had published. I am afraid some of you thought it was a braille magazine. It is printed only in inkprint and sells for fifty cents a copy or two dollars for a year's subscription, which includes four issues.

Many of you have written of the difficulty encountered in knowing when you reach the end of a line in typing. There is a bell to warn the hearing person when he nears the end of a line but this, of course, is of no help to one who does not hear. Often, letters stack up, one on top of the other, before a person realizes that the margin stop has made it impossible for the carriage of the machine to keep moving. The Foundation's department of technical research and development has worked out a device to help in this matter. It is separate from the typewriter and does not have to be attached to it in any way. It is a small metal box about 3" x 4" x 5" with a flexible plastic arm extending out from one side. The height of this arm above the table can be adjusted so as to touch the left hand end of the typewriter carriage as the carriage moves toward the end of the line. The box is weighted and provided with a rubber bottom so that it will stay in place on the table. Before beginning to type, the user sets the box behind and just to the left of the typewriter so that the left end of the carriage will touch the plastic arm a few spaces before the end of the line is reached. An electric vibrator connected

to the box by a flexible cord and kept in the pocket or under the knee of the user gives a signal when the carriage touches the plastic arm. Inside the box there is a standard portable radio battery which can be replaced when necessary at a cost of about 50¢. The deaf-blind people who have tried the device have found it most satisfactory. If you want to order one, it can be obtained from the Foundation for $10.00.

Thank you for your suggestions for a cane for the deaf-blind. One person had an idea which was new to me. She thought that a small compass attached to the cane would help a deaf-blind person with direction. In discussing this I have been told that its weight would throw the cane out of balance so it would not be practical. The Foundation is searching for a reliable compass for the blind that can be carried in the pocket. Maybe this will take the place of one fastened to a cane.

Possibly many of you know of the raised line drawing board which our department of special services has for sale. This is a board on which a sheet of rubber has been mounted. When cellophane sheets are placed over the board you can draw with a ball point pen and lines will come up high enough to be followed easily with your finger. This can be used in many ways--to trace inkprint letters, shapes of certain things, etc., and may be useful to some of you. The set, including the board, 100 sheets of cellophane and a ball point pen with colorless ink, costs $4.00. You can make your own if you can find a sheet of smooth-surfaced gum rubber about 1/16" thick to go on a board. The cellophane sheets may be bought from the department of special services at $1.25 per hundred sheets.

The joy and peace of Easter be yours and remain with you throughout the year and always. May God bless you!

--Dorothy Bryan

DEMONSTRATIONS I HAVE GIVEN

Winthrop Clark Chapman

While I was in the beginning of the secondary school course at Perkins Institution, Watertown, Massachusetts, a long time ago, Miss Hall taught me some public speaking, for I thought I might like a job giving lectures for money. Before that time I seldom gave demonstrations, for she wanted me to talk very well in the meetings and to show how deaf-blind children could work and understand speech; but I was still in the elementary grades and was not educated well enough to demonstrate for money. In order to make a profession of lecturing, a man must be very careful how he pronounces certain words; but it must be harder for a deaf-blind man to do so. It would be easier if he had hearing. A handicapped person would have to have patience to learn that task. In English class with Miss Hall and Miss Barbour, I sometimes gave three-minute speeches to practice and improve myself for lecturing.

While Miss Hall and I were preparing a demonstration for the Chicago Fair, I mispronounced the "s" in "speech," "understand," and "speak" a few times, and she told me that we would not go to Chicago if I could not say those words well enough, for people would not understand me. At last I said well enough, "Miss Alcorn taught me how to speak and understand speech," without having to repeat it over again. The most important of all the lectures she and I gave were at the World's Fair in Chicago, and Leonard Dowdy, at that time a little, wriggly, handicapped lad, was with us. We participated in helping people to understand work with the deaf-blind.

1938 and 1939 were my two busy years of lecturing. In 1938 we stayed in South Africa from the middle of July to about the end of September, as

guests of the government. That period was very full of assemblies in which we helped the South Africans to become more interested in their own handicapped. We gave many, many lectures; some to natives and some to white people. When we returned home we gave a small number of demonstrations in South Dakota.

During the first half of 1939 I was occupied with Dr. Pittenger and his daughter Portia (now Mrs. Rissler), giving many lectures in Indiana that satisfied me. I earned a good weekly profit in this business.

In the late fall of 1940, my mother and I took a trip to Chicago to see a booking agent. But soon the second World War broke out and we did not care about going on with this work at that time.

I wanted a better profession--rabbit husbandry, poultry raising, and fruit and nut tree cultivating--so that I would not have to travel from place to place so much. That line of farming could be carried on during war-time to help save food. Soon after the termination of the war I started those lines of agriculture out in California, where we are now living. From my trade of making and selling rugs and mats, I earned and saved enough money to buy materials for a small rabbitry. We have recently added to it, and are building up a nice business that I can handle and enjoy.

---

Friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

--Washington

THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS

Ruth M. Butler

He was just putting a gorgeous diamond ring on the third finger of my left hand when the telephone rang. Reluctantly I picked it up and answered it. It was a long distance call from Summerville, my aunt's voice speaking. "Hello, Jane darling," it said heartily. "Happy Birthday!"

I said, my voice fairly choking with joy, "Oh, thank you, Aunt Betty! My! It's great to hear your voice again. Is everything fine with you? That's good. Oh, I'm so marvelously happy, Aunt Betty! To be twenty-two today, and I've just got--"

"I'm glad you're so happy, darling. Listen here, Jane." Aunt Betty began to talk quickly, breathlessly, excitedly. "I called you up to tell you something--such news! It's about Terry Storm."

"Why, Aunt Betty!" I interrupted rather rudely. "I thought you didn't like Terry Storm. You certainly didn't use to like him. Despite the fact that he practically grew up with me, and that we were childhood sweethearts, you openly discouraged his attentions."

"I didn't think he was the man for you, Jane," Aunt Betty said, her voice high and shrill. "He was very poor and I--well, I didn't think he would ever amount to much. And after he lost his sight--"

Terry lost his sight between 1944, when he first noticed symptoms, and 1946, by which time he could see absolutely nothing; and all hope that he'd ever see again was gone.

Nevertheless, Terry had faced the situation with chin up.

"I'm not going to sit and brood over my misfortune!" he'd determined.

"I'm still mentally normal and able-bodied--and I'm not going to lie around and live on charity or a pension! I'm going to learn things all over again--and try to make myself as independent of others as possible. Surely there's something a blind guy can do."

So Terry had begun to learn things all over again. By the time he'd learned braille and typing he'd decided that the only thing he wanted to do was to write--and I'd encouraged him.

"You can! You've got what it takes: a keen mind, creative imagination, an excellent memory. Just put your mind to it--and I'll help you. You've got me, darling!"

"But I haven't got you, Jane!" Terry had said rebelliously. "Your aunt won't let me have you. She's never liked me; she's always had a low opinion of me. And now that I'm blind--There! Isn't she going to ship you off to Chicago? You told me so, yourself."

"But I'm not going--and I've told Aunt Betty so! Oh, she's perishing to get me away from you, I know. But I'm not going to leave you, darling, just when you need me most."

"But I'll bet, sooner or later, she'll pound your resistance down and--Look here, Jane, why don't you go to Chicago? If you stay here your aunt'll nag you half to death. As for me--well, I can manage. I mean, I can stand on my own feet and fight my own battle. I'll miss you. Lord, yes! But some day, sweetheart--"

So, in the summer of 1947, I had come to Chicago and got a secretarial job. But it hadn't been all work and no play. I'd had a lot of fun going places, seeing things, doing things. Oh, sure, I'd met many attractive young men and a few who had found me attractive.

Now, as I looked over to where my fiancé was sitting on the sofa, I said

into the telephone, "So Terry has won first prize in the Holmes Literatry Contest. That's great, and I'm so happy for him! Happy and proud!

"The prize itself is not a great deal of money--only a thousand dollars; but it's a very great honor," Aunt Betty said breathlessly. "Terry is a talented, hard-working young man--and I feel sure that he'll keep on climbing."

"Where's Terry, Aunt Betty? I mean, do you know where he is now?"

"No."

"He's right here, Aunt Betty. And perhaps you will be interested to know that Terry and I have just become officially engaged."

"Sorry. Time's up," a voice said, and the connection was broken.

I put down the telephone and went back to Terry. "Darling," I murmured, as I laid my head on his chest, "this day seemed a mighty long time a-coming. And now that it has come--"

Terry settled his arm more comfortably about me. "We'll go back to Summerville and get married and live happily ever after!" He kissed me then, long and hard. I clung to him. Oh, he's such an angel, so sweet and gentle, so hard and so soft, so strong and so brave.

"Won't it be wonderful, darling," I whispered. "You and I, together! Together, with no one and nothing on earth to separate us again!"

Terry and I have been married for three months now, and we're so wonderfully happy! Aunt Betty (she now thinks the world and all of Terry) is happy in our happiness.

Of course it would be nicer if Terry could see, but neither of us thinks that's very important. As long as we love each other, as long as I have him, and he has me, we've got about everything in the world that's worth having. And that's all that matters!

## CHILDREN, 1397 MODEL

Anyone who has anything to do with children will appreciate the following description of "the carefree child" which was written in 1397. Five hundred and some years have brought no noticeable changes. Child psychologists with theories on the effect of environment, please note.

"Small children be soft of flesh, lithe and pliant of body, quick and light to move, and witty to learn. And they lead their lives without thought or care. They set their hearts only on fun, and are afraid of nothing but being beaten with a rod; and they love an apple better than gold. Whether they be praised, or shamed, or blamed, they care little....They are soon angered, and soon pleased, and easily forgive....Since all children be spotted with bad manners and think only of the present and not of the future, they love plays, games and vanity, and care nothing for profit....They want things that are bad forthem, and care more about a doll than a person, and they weep more for the loss of an apple than for the loss of their heritage.... They want everything they see, and beg for it with voice and hand.... When they be washed they are soon dirty again. When their mother washes and combs them, they kick and sprawl, and put out their feet and hands, and resist with all their might. They are always wanting a drink; they are no sooner out of bed before they are crying for something to eat...."

--Pleasures of Publishing

## WHO IS SHE?

She sees beyond the bounds of space
   And peace illuminates her face.
She hears beyond our mortal powers
   And loves the fragrance of the flowers.

Her sympathy's for all oppressed
   And those she helps are greatly bless'd.
Her spirit strengthens all mankind
   And beauty dwells within her mind.

To serve, she travels far and near,
   Defenseless, still she knows no fear.
In trust she grasps a guiding hand,
   Through others she must understand.

Forward she goes with courage high
   All limitations to defy;
Forward and on to blaze a trail
   That those who follow need not fail.

--Cecile Stevenson

Have you guessed that she is Helen Keller?

## INTERESTING ORIGINS OF ENGLISH WORDS

The Medieval Peasants covering their Fires for the Night, gave us our Word

### CURFEW

In the Middle Ages, the peasants of France were required to cover or to extinguish their fires at a fixed hour in the evening. A bell was rung to notify them of the time to obey the command, "cover the fire"--in French couvre feu. The French came to call the bell, and the time of its ringing, covrefeu or cuevrefu. The Norman-French conquerors used it in England, and the medieval English adopted it as curfu, meaning the hour and the signal for all citizens to retire to their homes. It became curfew, which today, although indicating perhaps a later hour, still is the time, or the signal, to retire from public places. This is but one example of many thousands of fascinating stories about the origin of English words.

### CANDIDATE

Originally the word candidate meant one clothed in white.

In Latin, candidus means "glittering", "white." Among the ancient Romans, a man campaigning for office wore a white toga and was called candidatus, "one clothed in white." Directly from this origin comes our word candidate. It is interesting to note that from the same source comes our adjective candid, meaning, literally, "white," and applied figuratively to a mental quality unclouded by dissimulation or bias.

### ONION

Onion is from unio, a unity, which the Romans applied to a single large pearl or an onion.

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

Noah Webster's precise choice of words, the discrimination which led him to compile the dictionary, also led to his most quoted distinction.

One day his wife came suddenly into the pantry and found Webster kissing the pretty chambermaid.

"Mr. Webster!" exclaimed his wife. "I am surprised!"

"No, my dear," said Webster with a reproving smile. "You are astounded. It is I who am surprised."

---

A young fellow applied for a job delivering milk, and the manager of the milk company asked his name.

"Jefferson," said the young man.

"And your first name?" inquired the manager.

"Thomas."

"Well," commented the manager, "that's a pretty well-known name, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the applicant. "I've been delivering milk in this town for over three years."

---

A young hillbilly from an isolated ranch bought an ice cream cone, walked outside to eat it, then carried the cone carefully back to the soda fountain. Handing it back to the clerk, he said: "Much obliged for the use of the vase."

# TOUCH AND GO

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# MARCH

The cock is crowing,
   The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
   The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
   The oldest and the youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
   The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
   There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
   The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
   On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping--anon--anon:
   There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
   Small clouds are sailing,
Blue skies prevailing;
   The rain is over and gone!

--William Wordsworth

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

The blustery month of March is a welcome one to most people. No matter how the weather behaves, we know that the lovely spring days will come soon, that the earth is waking from its long winter sleep, and that we shall again have the thrill of new leaves, flowers, grass, and all the miracle of spring.

This is a month dear to the hearts of the Irish because of St. Patrick's Day. On March seventeenth the "Wearers of the Green" will celebrate the day by recalling the stories of all that their beloved saint meant to Ireland.

In the department for the deaf-blind we have been busy planning and starting many things. Again this summer there will be a training course for teachers of deaf-blind children. The one last summer created quite an interest in this field of work and we hope that by getting out announcements about this one early, we will induce more teachers to enroll for it. Do remember to tell your friends about it and help to interest teachers in this work. As last year, the course will be held at the Horace H. Rackham School of Special Education, Michigan State Normal College, in Ypsilanti, Michigan. It will be from June 19th through July 28th, 1950.

A new project just being started is a round robin letter for parents of deaf-blind children. Such letters are sometimes called chain letters and you may know them better by that name. In this plan a parent will write of what he or she is doing to help the child and of the problems being found. This letter will go to the next parent on the list who will add a letter and send both on to the next, and so on. When the mail brings the letters around the second time, the first letter will be removed and a new one added. It really amounts to a correspondence club and gives these people an opportunity to share their experiences and help each other. Through the Volta Bureau for the deaf, parents

of deaf children have had such groups corresponding for some time and have found it very helpful. The Volta Bureau has been most generous in helping us plan for this. We hope that it will prove equally successful for parents of deaf-blind children.

Some time ago, I told you that the Western Conference of Home Teachers decided to prepare a handbook of communication methods for the deaf-blind. This will be of great benefit to home teachers in their work with the deaf-blind and can also be used by any person interested in the deaf-blind. It will give detailed instructions about each method so that a person can learn to use any one of them by reading and studying the handbook. We know that no one method will meet the needs of everyone since so much depends on the individual's physical condition, living arrangements, and so on, so we are anxious that this book be as complete as possible. I have been wondering if you would not like to help with this by sending in any method you think might fail to be included. If you will send the information to this office, we shall be glad to pass it on to the committee.

Many of you poetry lovers may not know of the Florida Magazine of Verse, an independent poetry journal published and financed by the editor, Charles Hyde Pratt. To quote him: "It (the magazine) pays nothing to contributors, and asks nothing from them except good poetry and a self-addressed stamped envelope." You will be interested to know that in its January 1950 issue several of Robert Smithdas' poems were printed and that the editor not only printed a letter from Robert but added most complimentary remarks. I want to share with you a part of what he said: "At a time when some of us have too many things, too many amusements and privileges and spend our energies fretting for more, here is Robert Smithdas with only his courage, his blithe spirit and his determination to march through multiple difficulties and make of his life 'a beautiful and fascinating experience.'

"How many who have eyes to see and ears to hear can perceive as clearly the sources of happiness? In all his letters there is never a note of bitterness, pessimism or self-pity. May God bless him with continued health and joy! His attitude is an inspiration to me, as I hope it may be to the readers of Florida Magazine of Verse."

You will find three of these poems reprinted following this article.

It is heartening to know that by a person's own efforts and by the example he sets he can help others to happier and more worthwhile lives. Today, more than ever before, there is a need for us all to practice the Golden Rule. If we strive diligently to do this, we will contribute far more than we can ever know.

May God bless you and keep you!

--Dorothy Bryan

---

REVERIE

I've loved my life and all that life could give;
   I've feared my death, and prayed that I might live
One day, one hour, another fleeting year,
   To love still more the things I hold so dear.

And when slow Time shall scatter, far as dust,
   These frail and mortal relics, as he must,
No further boon or blessing shall I ask
   But that I've lived, and loved, and done my task.

## SONG

Breathe on me, day,
   Scatter the clinging shadows from my soul:
Drive them away
   Like clouds from this green earth that thirsts for sun.
When they are gone,
   Bring all that's true and good and beautiful.

Breathe on me, day:
   Pierce through the broken windows of my soul
With such a ray
   Of happiness that I will never know
How sorrows grow,
   But will find joy although my world is small.

---

## A WISH

Beneath my feet, wherever I may go,
   I tread upon the dust of countless ages
Without a thought of what great heritages
   The passing years have gleaned and laid so low
That now they are but dust and memory.

Oh, what I wish to be remembered by,
   When I have passed into my last sunset,
Is one brave song that men will not forget--
   A simple, heartfelt tune that will not die
When I am only dust and memory.

--Robert J. Smithdas

# THE DEAF SIGN LANGUAGE

Arlie R. Slabaugh

No one knows exactly when signs originated. They are doubtless as old as man himself. Physical signs of some nature have been used by hearing people since earliest times. Such signs are used to supplement vocal language (you will often notice signs being used in conversation among hearing people to emphasize some point) and are employed among people who have never heard of the deaf sign language. Some nationalities are especially expressive in the use of signs.

But in most cases today among hearing people, such signs are merely gestures used to aid the vocal language and are not a language in the same sense as the deaf sign language. There are, however, certain signs used by hearing people which have a real meaning, such as some slang terms ("O. K.," etc.), stock market signs, and so forth.

The origin of the sign language as used by the deaf is obscure. Although commonly credited to the Abbé de L'Épée, deaf sign language is actually much older. Finger spelling was used in ancient times and systems similar to those now in use appeared during the 16th century. Most of these signs, however, were used by hearing people for secret or silent conversation.

The use of the manual alphabet among hearing persons seems to have been to the largest extent in Italy. Later the single-hand manual alphabet passed into Spain where it was used in the instruction of the deaf. In 1620, there was published in Madrid a work called "Simplification of the Letters of the Alphabet and Method of Teaching Deaf-mutes to Speak," the author of which was Juan Pablo Bonet. He mentions that "The deaf are both most quick to comprehend the gestures made to them, because they attempt thus to supply the loss of

hearing, and are very clever at making use of them themselves...to take the place of speech."

The first English book on signs was by John Bulwer, being Cirologia: or, the Natural Language of the Hand. This was published in 1644 and was followed in 1648 by Philocophus: or, the Deaf and Dumb Man's Friend. Other Englishmen followed him in the publication of books which discussed deaf signs (George Dalgarno, 1626-1687, etc.).

In France, the first deaf teacher of any importance was Jacob Rodrigues Pereire (1715-1780) who used articulation and lip reading together with the manual alphabet and sign language. Since Pereire attached considerable importance to the manual alphabet, a short history of the alphabet will not be out of place here. People of ancient times made some use of finger notation; while monks in enforced silence during the Middle Ages, and others during this period, often resorted to the manual alphabet. Most manual alphabets have been of the single hand variety, illustrations of which are to be found in Latin Bibles of the tenth century, and later books. The system spread from Italy to Spain from where it was introduced into France, by Pereire, who improved it to suit his needs. Although a one-hand alphabet, he arranged it not only so words could be spelled but pronunciation given as well. In all, there were over eighty signs, which were more closely associated with actual speech than the usual manual method. From France the use of the one-hand alphabet spread into the United States and other countries where it is used today. In Great Britain, the two-hand alphabet is in favor, being first mentioned in Digiti-Lingua, published in 1698.

The next teacher of repute in France was Charles-Michel de L'Épée (1712-1789.). His name is known throughout the deaf world although his methods are

now practically obsolete. Born at Versailles, he entered the Church after considerable difficulty in 1736 and was henceforth known as the Abbé de L'Épée. In 1760, he became interested in two deaf-mute sisters he had met, and from that time on, until his death, his life was spent in an effort to further the education of the deaf through the school he had established. Greatly interested in the use of signs, he did much to forward their use. For this reason, he is considered as the "father of the deaf sign language."

After the Abbé de L'Épée's death, Roch-Ambroise-Cucurron Sicard (1742-1822) succeeded him. Having had some training under de L'Épée, Sicard was one of the best known teachers of the deaf during the early nineteenth century. He is responsible for the development and improvement of de L'Épée's signs.

We now come to America. Laurent Clerc, one of Sicard's best known pupils was brought to the United States in 1816 by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet (1787-1851) to instruct the deaf at the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb (now the American School for the Deaf, the first school for the deaf in the United States, founded in 1817). Influenced by Sicard, Dr. Gallaudet was in favor of the sign language as used in France, without attempting any innovations of his own.

The next school to be established was the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb (now the New York School for the Deaf) in New York City during 1818. It likewise furthered the use of signs. In fact, the use of the sign language among the deaf continued to spread in the United States until it is now used from "coast to coast." At the present time, most schools use the combined method (signs and vocal instruction), although a number of schools use the oral method of instruction only.

--From The West Virginia Tablet

FROM OUR MAILBAG

The legend of the bridge in Oregon reminded me of the covered wooden bridges back in "the hoss and buggy days." There were two at the burg. They were so spooky. Many folks would not go through after dark, while others would throw stones in first to scare the spooks away. White mist rising from the water would work into grotesque shapes and drift in through the cracks; and just when you thought they would grab you, they would drift away, drawing a moist finger across your face as they went. Then perhaps a cloud of dust would settle gently over you like the fold of a shroud. Brrrr! The wind would sigh and moan like a lost soul, or whistle in through a knothole. Sent cold shivers up your spine and blew your hat off. Loose boards would rattle and shingles would clap on the roof and they didn't sound like an angel's wing. And all the while you would be thinking of all the dark crimes that had been committed in those corridors of demoralization and of your own misdeeds, and by the time you emerged, you would be completely reformed or a candidate for a padded cell.

Back in the 80's there was a young Dutchman who on pay day would get lit up like a lighthouse and need a keeper. His friends told him he had better be good or you know what. But being young he disregarded the warning. Then, in the fullness of time, he fell in love and the maid lived in Bridgeport but he disliked coming back through the bridge at midnight. However, love was stronger than fear and love will find out the way. It did in this instance. He sent to Sears Roebuck for a gun. It must have been a wicked-looking weapon--

a pearl handled 22. Before entering the bridge, he would fire several shots in the air; then, clutching his trusty gun in his hand, would hightail through. I do not know what his time was for the distance, but I would say it was fair. One rainy night, wishing to get in out of the rain, he forgot to fire the gun. Midway of the bridge, he fell over a cow that had come in and lain down. As chance would have it, as he fell, one of his hands touched her horn, the other her tail. Oh! Oh! Oh! He forgot all about his gun and got up and ran. So did the cow--in the opposite direction--hollering "moo, moo, moo!" But to his excited imagination it sounded like "you, you, you!" A man meeting him asked what the hurry was. He hollered, "Let go. Here comes the Devil."

Two weeks later, he married the girl so he wouldn't have to cross that bridge again. After the wedding the girl decided to dwell in Bridgeport. How the fates must have giggled and maybe laughed out loud!

Note: The above is not a legend--it's a true story. Bill is now 80 but he never believed it was a cow that he had bumped into, but the Devil himself.

--Burnie Devine

---

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn.

--Harriet Beecher Stowe

## YOUR HEARING AID

In your magazine a few have written about re-using B batteries. Don't they know B batteries do not pep up again to be dependable enough to re-use? A batteries do, and I have a box that has little holes so that you can set upright eighteen batteries with one hole empty, that being for the battery I am using. Each day I use a different battery, going around the holes until they are all too low for use. In this way I can use them for about half of a year. As the A batteries pep up, the longer the rest, the longer each one will last you. So the more you have to go around the longer each will last you. The hole idea keeps me from asking the sighted people which is the next one.

--Bud Spilker

---

The Industrial Home for the Blind's program for the deaf-blind, with its large register of forty-two men and women, probably embraces a larger scope than that of any other organization in similar work. It has brought an increasing measure of social intercourse to these isolated and lonely people. Twenty-eight deaf-blind persons were employed during 1949, either in the Light Buoy Industries or in the Industrial Home's homework program. The patient, compassionate and skillful work by the department's director, has included a recreational program which includes bowling, deep-sea fishing, swimming, bingo, and skee ball. These activities are rudimentary indications, according to the director, of what is possible with the deaf-blind. A case very much in point, he declares, is that of deaf-blind Robert Smithdas, of St. John's University, a resident of the Industrial Home, who is a brilliant student and will be graduated this June very near the top of his class. Smithdas is a wrestler, a swimmer, and has had prose and poetry published by well-known magazines.

# PROVERBS

(The words of the wise and their dark sayings)

Wishers and woulders are never good householders.

Many of our wishes have been and will be thwarted.

What ardently we wish we soon believe.

Give and spend and God will send.

He that buys what he does not want must often sell what he does want.

He is richest that hath fewest wants.

He is rich that is satisfied.

Money is a good servant but a dangerous master.

He who loses money loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses courage loses all.

Good words and no deeds are rushes and reeds.

A fool's heart is in his mouth, but a wise man's mouth is in his heart.

Forget others' faults by remembering your own.

Denying a fault doubles it.

A fault-mender is better than a fault-finder.

Most people will sooner be told their fortunes than their faults.

Trust not him that seems a saint.

Christ is not valued at all unless He be valued above all.

No one gets into trouble without his own help.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek
Five things observe with care--
Of whom you speak--to whom you speak--
And how--and when--and where.

--Submitted by F. D. Heigel

# TOUCH AND GO

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# TOUCH AND GO

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# L I N C O L N

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the
virgin soil,
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them
that toil;
God and nature together shaped him to lead
in the van,
In the stress of the wildest weather, when the
nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smouldering fire, heart of a lion
at bay,
Patience to plan for tomorrow, valor to serve
for today;
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a
flash with a jest,
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache
that was dull in his breast.

Met were the man and the hour--man who was
strong for the shock--
Fierce were the lightings unleashed; in the
midst he stood fast as a rock.
Comrade he was, and commander, he who was
meant for the time.
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof and
sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries
pass like a breath,
Only some lives are immortal, challenging
darkness and death.
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, writ in
the stardust his name,
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on
the records of Fame.

--Margaret E. Sangster

# L E S S O N S

Child of the sunshine smiling, out of the
spring soil,
Air to the blessing of sunbeams, protest in some
land toil;
Yet not nature forever shaped his to load
in her yoke,
In the sheaves of his winter weather, when the
nation needed a man.

Type of a sunlighted time, heart of a land
in bloom,
Patience to plod the furrows, faith to enter
the tomb;
Powerful and stately and tender, quick as a
flame with a word,
Filling with life and manful hearts the work
that was still to be wrought.

Not were the men and the women who sat
waiting for the morrow—
Fierce were the lightning messengers in the
night to plead and to sorrow.
Mercifully he met, and comforted, he who was
meant for the task,
Free in counsel and action, steady, alert and
—abiding.

Until all the years from their throne, measuring
man's life a breath,
Only some cities are imperial, continuing
through and death.
Even from the court of the nations, will to
the eternal life come,
Growing, untarnished, transparent, also on
the records of fame.

—Theodore T. Munger

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

February, the shortest month in the year, includes the birthdays of so many great men that it always stands out in our minds as a very important month. It is just another example of good things coming in small packages!

It is interesting to note that four United States presidents were born in February--our first president, George Washington, on February 22, 1732; the ninth president, William H. Harrison, on February 9, 1773; the thirteenth, Millard Fillmore, on February 7, 1800; and the sixteenth, Abraham Lincoln, on February 12, 1809. Just as February is associated with birthdays, the state of Virginia has been with presidents. Thinking of this led me to check on the home states of presidents. Eight were born in Virginia, seven in Ohio, four in New York, three in North Carolina, two in Massachusetts, two in Vermont, and one each in the following states: New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, New Jersey, Iowa and Missouri.

Since the recent publicity given the new device for the deaf, upon which work is being done at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, we have had many letters of inquiry about it. Over a period of many months we have been keeping informed as to its progress. It is still in the experimental stage but we hope and pray that it will prove successful. The apparatus will likely be in the form of a glove to be worn on the left hand. Each finger will receive a different set of vibrations or frequencies, tuned to receive sounds in the range of the human voice, which the deaf person will learn to translate into meaningful patterns. The vibrations received by the finger tips will take the place of vibrations created by sound frequencies inside the ear. Naturally, to use this apparatus the individual will have to go through a period of training. During the experimental period it has been tried out with several deaf-blind people and

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one man in particular has been called on more than once for testing purposes. Rest assured that the minute it is perfected and ready for use you will hear more about it. In the meantime, please do not become too enthusiastic over it because we cannot yet be sure of its success.

A deaf-blind man and his partially seeing wife have written to me of their idea of a cane for the deaf-blind. They feel that if there were a distinguishing mark about the white cane that would show the passerby that the user is not only blind, as the white cane does, but also deaf, the deaf-blind person would receive the additional help he sometimes needs. It would, of course, have to be a nationally accepted marking, and publicity would have to be carried on for the general public to recognize it. They have considered several types of markings. For example: to place in the center of the cane two red stripes with a green one in between them. These colors were chosen since they have in mind use of the regulation white cane which has a red tip. I am not quoting their names since I have not asked their permission to do so, but if you have suggestions and will write to me, I shall be glad to pass them on. Also, there would be no point in considering such a cane if a sufficient number of people were not interested in the idea.

It is always fun to receive your letters and I appreciate your remarks about this column. Many write that they like to hear of the places we visit in our work. Of course, there are times when we are not traveling and also when it seems more important to bring other things to your attention, but it is always a pleasure to share the high spots of the trips with you. Please, too, send in more of your own writing for Touch and Go. Even if we do not use it promptly, we like to have it on hand to publish when it fits in best with other items.

Make the most of this nice little month. Have fun celebrating Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. Remember valentines for your favorite people and don't forget those New Year's resolutions just because they are now a month old.

May God bless and keep you.

--Dorothy Bryan

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LET US --

Take time to work--it is the price of success.

Take time to think--it is the source of power.

Take time to play--it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read--it is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to worship--it is the highway of reverence.

Take time to be friendly--it is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream--it is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love and be loved--it is the privilege of the gods.

Take time to look around--it is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to laugh--it is the music of the soul.

--D. O. Reh

# MY DOG AND I

Marjorie McGuffin

"Ginger" is no Seeing Eye, not even pedigreed. She isn't quite a mongrel, and nowhere near a cur. She's just a red-haired cocker spaniel, with a tail cut short and a coat cut long. Her chest is supposed to be snow-white, but it's never clean. When she's happy, her upper lip wriggles and wobbles in a canine laugh. She wags her tail so mighty hard, her whole hindquarters have to sway. When she's sad she sits and looks at you out of big wistful eyes, holding her head tilted to one side. The only time she's ever mad is when she has a bone.

She never went to doggie school but, somehow, she's awful wise. She hasn't learned the manuals, nor how to write in braille. Still, she can talk to me much better than lots of men. I don't know how to explain here, but I've learned her code. She touches me in certain ways, and jumps at me with a variety of force and speed. I can almost always guess her thoughts and wants. If I lay a hand on her nose she points it at what she wants.

Once, she came in slowly and sat down. Thinking she was sick, I felt her nose to see if it was dry. She bent down, immediately, pushing my hand down to her paws. I did not take the hint, at first, and just patted her head. She kept her nose down, pointing at one paw, till I became suspicious and investigated. I found a toenail had been torn off and her paw was very sore. Another time, she came in and when I stopped to pat her head, she turned around so my hand would land on her rear end. Sure enough, she had sat on a long broken-off rose twig and couldn't get it off. She certainly does know I'm blind.

When I expect a stranger to call or deliver something, I keep Ginger in the house. To make a long story short; she's my doorbell. When I expect someone who will know enough to walk in, I leave a door unlocked and keep Ginger outside. When the person opens the door Ginger dashes in and hunts me up to announce the arrival. She never goes away from home, although she is free to do so. She's always around to keep an eye on me, always comes when she's called.

I suppose, by now, you think she's faultless. Just wait for the rest of my tale. She buries her bones among our flowers. If we spank her, she simply buries them next door. She dug up a race track around our lovely back lawn. Being full of hunting strain, round and round she'd dash in pursuit of animals that never did exist. That was when she was young and slender--she's a fat old lady now.

If she comes in when I'm typing, down comes a paw on the keys. If I'm knitting, she jumps right onto my lap. That makes me drop stitches, and makes me mighty mad. When I try to comb her she dashes off and won't come back, just to make me mad. The only thing for me to do is hang on to her tail. Whenever she manages to get into a bedroom, she jumps on the bed and off again, just to leave dirt behind. She won't lie on the kitchen linoleum, no matter how hard I toil to keep it polished and clean. If I refuse to give her a newspaper to lie on she helps herself to the dish towel or any old thing she can pull down. She leaves bones under the doorstep, obviously hoping I'll break my neck. Try to use her for a guide--you'll land in the nearest ditch.

When I ought a stranger to call on neither mentioning. I have dinner in the house. To make a long story short: she's a lunatic. Then I repeat someone who will know enough to walk in, : lock a door behind me and keep danger outside. When the person open the door (Maybe to and that we up to announce the arrival). The never gets away from home, without she is free to go. She's always around to help me or ask me, always there when she's called.

I suppose, by now, you think she's insane. Don't call for the last of life. The lurking the house among our friends. It's a place for the simply burden them out door. She lug up a true story about her family back home. Being full of lurking stories about the house she's used to permit me thinking that never did exist. That's why when the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a fit out lady now.

If she comes to when I'm trying, then comes a [illegible] [illegible] the mirrors, the jumps right onto my lap. That makes me drop [illegible] and makes me slightly mad. When I try to cook her the dinner of and [illegible] [illegible], just to make me mad. The only thing for me to do is stay [illegible] her tail. Whenever she proposes to put into a bedroom, the phone in the and off again, just to leave her behind. The worst bit of the [illegible] lifetime, no matter how hard I try to keep it polished and clean. If I refuse to give her a newspaper to lie on the noise moment of the [illegible] or any old thing she can pull down. She leaves those under the dressing obviously hoping I'll break my neck. Try to use her for a [illegible]--well land in the hospital right.

## NAMES OF HORSES HAVE CURIOUS ORIGINS

Old Dobbin (Equus caballus) has been domesticated and used as a beast of burden or as a draft animal since the dawn of human history. And the big, friendly creatures have been known by some surprising names, "bangtails," for instance. But the original bangtail was a range steer whose tail had been banged. In roundups, it was customary to snip the tuft of the animal's tail so that the steer would not be counted a second time. Thus, the steer became a "bangtail."

The word mustang is a corruption of the Spanish maesteno, a word meaning, roughly, "strayed; wild; without an owner." Bronco, too, is a Spanish word meaning "rough; wild." Cow ponies are sometimes referred to by the name of cayuse. Cayuse is the name of an Indian tribe now found in Oregon. A pinto (pinto is Spanish for "painted") with a white face is sometimes called a piebald horse. But the "pie" isn't good to eat, and the "bald" doesn't mean "devoid of hair." Pie refers to the bird, the magpie, which has plumage of mottled black and white. Bald is from a Middle English word meaning "a white-faced horse." Hence, a piebald horse is one that is mottled, and has a white face.

Hackney is a Middle English word of uncertain origin. The word designates a horse for ordinary riding or driving, as distinguished from a war horse, race horse, or hunter; hence, an ordinary horse, especially one kept for hire. The last meaning gives rise to the adjective hackneyed, "made commonplace or trite; worn out; stale."

The Percheron is a large, heavily built horse once commonly used in hauling brewery trucks. The Percheron is named for Perche, France, where it was originally bred.

The Shetland pony is named for the Shetland Islands, Scotland, where the breed originated.

The palomino is a handsome cream-colored horse with white mane and tail. Palomino is Spanish for "young pigeon." The English pronunciation is: PAL-uh-MEE-noe.

In circus lingo, rosin-back designates a horse similar to the Percheron in that it has a broad and flat rump. It is the horse used by bareback riders who apply powdered rosin to the horse's back in order to insure a firm foothold.

Today, when we speak of a "nag," we mean any crowbait of a horse with little or no value. But the original word, nagge, simply meant "any small horse; a pony." Pony comes from the Latin pullus, meaning "a young animal," and is the same Latin word that gives us the word pullet, "a young hen."

It is interesting to note that in the Bible the word colt is used to designate the young of a camel. As a matter of fact, in Middle English, the word colt meant the young of a camel, a donkey or a horse.

As is indicated at the beginning of this article, the genus name for the horse is Equus caballus, a curious combination when taken literally, for equus is the Latin word for "horse," and caballus means "a nag; a pack animal; an inferior horse." Notwithstanding, caballus has given us all these words: cavalcade (a parade of persons on horseback), cavalier, cavalry, chevalier, chivalry, chivalrous.

Finally, persons who are unacquainted with Greek are invariably surprised to know that the word hippo means "horse." The name hippopotamus means "river horse." And hippodrome designates "a race course for horses."

I almost forgot to give you the origin of the word horse. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon word, hors, meaning simply, "horse."

--Frank Colby
From Take My Word For It

## WHY NOT USE EAR PHONES, TOO?

O. O. McIntire said: "Rupert Hughes, very deaf himself, is doing much in writing and lecturing to relieve the self-consciousness of those afflicted. He thinks much of it is due to stubbornness. Scarcely anybody hesitates to decorate their faces with glasses when eyesight grows faulty, but nearly everybody shies at the use of the far less conspicuous ear phone. Rupert also mastered lip-reading. An accomplished musician, he never misses a symphony and is an ardent theatergoer. No one ever thinks of sympathizing with his deafness. He gets more out of life than most people who hear every sound."

--Arizona Cactus

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## SUGGESTION FOR HEARING AID USERS

Here is a hint to those who use hearing aids. I use the two-cord Sonotone. When I have used a new battery six or eight hours, I have a sighted person write the number 1 on it. After I have used it a second time, I have someone mark number 2 on it. By the time the number 8 or 10 is on, I know the battery is quite weak and should not be used in public. The numbers are marked from left to right, holding the two holes to the left.

--Freda Thorpe

## MILLENNIUM

Endeavors are illuminated by integrity
  The compass of the virtues, the ban of enmity;
The leaven of integrity works upward in man
  To free him for unity with the divine Creator's plan.

This freedom has no vengeance, nor greed, nor hate, nor feud,
  Integrity is "daily bread," to freedom truth-imbued;
Though retrogressive wrong may impede progressive right,
  Integrity, "The Great Spirit," is freedom's staff and might.

To manifest integrity must benefit all men,
  The work of ingenuity is not perverted then;
Unscrupulous relations, and blight of anarchy
  Can undermine no nations vital with integrity.

The just, by their integrity the gold of human wit,
  Shed light for all eternity, stand bold in Holy Writ,
That national integrity might speed true amity
  The pathway to the millennium for freed humanity.

Note: Perhaps you read that volume, no longer in circulation because of certain opposition, which reported the findings of Egyptologists. One of its reports said an Egyptian phophecy predicted the millennium would begin in 1952 on the heels of war between Arabia and Palestine, which the prophecy said would be four years prior to the advent of the millennium.

--Clarence F. Brey

## THE READERS WANT

Miss Freda Thorpe, Route 2, Box 181, Stephenson, Michigan, would like information in detail about doing plastic work. If any of the readers know about it, please write to her.

Miss Fannie Levine, Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, Torresdale, Pennsylvania, would like to exchange crocheting and knitting patterns with others. She does nice work but wants different patterns.

---

A deaf and blind Santa Claus, one who has never seen a Christmas tree or heard a Christmas carol, but from whose rotund form and smile-wreathed face the Season's cheer warmly radiated, was the center of festivities at the Industrial Home for the Blind's Christmas party in Brooklyn, on Friday, December 23.

The Club's auditorium was festooned with the traditional holly, pine and fir, and here, John Gilmour, the deaf-blind Kris Kringle mingled with the guests. John is one of the "old-timers," having completed almost thirty years of employment in the Home's workshops. He is an outstanding example of industrial rehabilitation possibilities for the deaf-blind, for in thirty years of employment, he has managed to support himself through his own efforts. Only five years ago, he was presented with a braille watch by Helen Keller. He is an excellent swimmer, and has recently taken an interest in bowling and ballroom dancing.

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

### The Shoe Fit

In a certain southern state a newly elected representative from a rural district went to pay his respects to the governor.

Ignorant of the term of respect he should use in addressing His Excellency, the yahoo called him "Most High."

"Oh," replied the governor with a laugh, "I'm not the Most High. The Most High is He who has made all things from nothing."

"Well," replied the representative in a sudden burst of honest emotion, "that mighty near qualifies you, governor. That justice of the peace you appointed down in my town is about the nearest thing to nothin' I've seen on two legs!"

--Wall Street Journal

Submitted by F. D. Heigel

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The manager of a clothing store was pleased with his new salesman.

"That fellow could sell anything," he remarked to a friend.

"That so?"

"Why, yesterday a lady came in to buy a new suit in which to bury her husband, who had just died. This new fellow sold her two pairs of pants with it!"

---

"What is ethics? I will show you. Suppose a lady comes into the store and after buying a lot of goods, pays me ten dollars too much. That is where the ethics comes in. Should I or should I not tell my partner?"

# The Price of Love

## The Close Fit

In a lovely mahogany chest a small silver vinaigrette from a world
distant they go, the memory in the inventor.

"Lucky" is the word he answered for should one in searching the Creation,
the great existence there lies.

The "Creation" has grownup like a jewel. It's not the most lady. The
"May also" balance on the beach pit things from nothing.

"Well, I'm sure you experimentative in a rubber burst of honest morning,
"that's where your position not...forever. That Quality of the years you ex-
pressed have to my love to find the greatest thing to nobble I've seen on
the land."

Well Power Tunnel

Constituted by P. D. Grimm

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The manager of a working store was pleased with his own salesman.
"Your fellow could sell anything," he remarked in a frown.
"What?"

"He sold a dress dye to my wife but he asks to buy her
husband's new low latex. Since her figure will fit the pairs of pants and
coat."

---

"Not to realize I will show you. Question I hear cross who was alone
the other burner a lot of world, pure he has killed too much. That is where
the other some. Who should I be should I not fall or perhaps?"

# TOUCH AND GO

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# THE BOOK OF LIFE

To all who enter life a book is given
   Wherein to write the story of the years;
And one by one, the pages ope' before us--
   For each New Year a clean, fresh page appears.

Each one, as filled, is sealed with God's own signet,
   His hand alone may turn the pages o'er;
At His appointed time each book is ended--
   It's written pages closed forevermore.

We start each page with hope and high endeavor
   And firm resolve to keep it pure and clean;
But oft our spirits flag ere it is finished
   And saddened hearts grieve o'er "what might
     have been!"

In vain we plead to write some pages over;
   No word may we recall, nor blot erase;
With humbled, contrite hearts we trace the record--
   The old, sad tale of "locust eaten" days!

Yet let us not give up--press on, undaunted!
   Sincere regret for errors of the past
Should spur us on to brave, renewed endeavor,
   To make fresh pages fairer than the last.

And when, at length, the "Book of Life" is ended,
   In simple trust resign it to His hand,
Who knew our every trial and temptation--
   He loveth us and He will understand.

--A. M. Adam

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

How often one wishes that he could make a new start, that he could rearrange his life, do things in a different way. I doubt that there is a single person who doesn't wish he had been more thoughtful, kinder, tried harder on some one or other occasion.

Here we are starting a brand new year. Here is our chance to think through the kind of person we'd like to be, the things we'd like to do, and make a plan to chart the way on this new path we've set for ourselves. If we really want to change our lives into a new pattern, we must set a goal and plan toward it. There is no hope to do it by drifting along from one day to the next. With God's help, we can move, step by step, into a life where we are bigger and better people. We laugh and joke about New Year's resolutions but they can be very worthwhile. Let us in work for the deaf-blind resolve not only to strive for better conditions for deaf-blind people but for those of all people. Let us strive to be an influence to carry the Christmas message of "Peace onEarth,Good Will Toward Men" throughout the whole year.

This is the month when we begin looking at a new calendar. Do you know that the technical research department here at the Foundation has worked out a small braille pocket calendar of plastic which they will send to you upon request? If you would like to have one, please write to the technical research department. Until the supply is exhausted, they will be glad to send them out. Please, however, do not ask for more than one.

We all very much appreciate the lovely Christmas cards you sent us. They greatly added to our holiday joy. Please know that you were in my

prayers as you always are. How I wished I could borrow Santa Claus's sleigh and reindeer so that I could stop by for a visit with each of you. It would have been such fun to be able to say Merry Christmas to each and to sit down for a real talk. As it is, I must go my much slower way but I am hoping that before 1950 is over, I will have had visits with many, many of you.

May this new year be one of joy and gladness, bringing to you every good and perfect thing, and may God bless you all!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

--Dorothy Bryan

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JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have earned it.
4. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of eating too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

THE RIGHT SIDE

Burnie Devine

There was great excitement in Drawbridge that pleasant morning. A man was to go on trial, charged with having misappropriated fifty thousand dollars in bonds from the Drawbridge Bank ten years before. The case to be tried in the court of Judge Sockum, with Mr. Ketchum, the D.A., representing the people, and Mr. Slick, the criminal lawyer, defending the accused man. Whenever Sockum, Slick and Ketchum got together, there were sure to be surprises. Hence the courtroom was packed.

According to the newspaper account, some ten years before, bonds valued at fifty grand had vanished and nothing had been learned about them since. At the time the bonds disappeared, there were three men working at the bank who could be considered likely suspects. Will Markum, the cashier; Bill Black, receiving teller; and Pet Payson, paying teller. Pete and Bill had been inducted. Pet had met a soldier's fate in Italy, and Bill had lost his sight in France. As for Markum, he had stoutly denied all knowledge of the missing bonds and remained at the bank.

Several years later, Markum had accepted a bank job in a large city, but had suffered a nervous breakdown, and had left on a long trip. Nothing more had been heard of him.

It seemed as though the robbery would never be solved, and most people had forgotten about it. Then, one morning, the bank president received a letter from Bill Black, now working as switchboard operator in a bank at Ironbridge, a hundred miles away. So impressed was the banker with the information in Bill's letter, that he immediately called a directors' meeting, at which, after considering this information, it was decided to send several

of the directors over to investigate. Bob Bustum and Joe Scrapper were selected and left the next morning for Ironbridge.

Upon their arrival, according to the instructions given in Bill's letter, they went to the local drugstore to see Doc Mixer. After shaking hands with them, Doc said, "We must be very careful not to be observed. So I will take you out to my house for a conference." Doc lived in the suburbs, and on reaching his home, they found Bill Black waiting for them.

After shaking hands with Bob and Joe and swapping news, Bill got down to business. He said, "After leaving the hospital I went to a school for rehabilitation, where I trained to be a switchboard operator and was assigned to this job at Ironbridge. As you know, I always had a good memory for voices, and since I lost my sight that faculty has been greatly developed." "O.K.," said Bob, "Go on." "Well, only a few days after taking the job," said Bill, "I heard a voice over the phone that sounded familiar, but I couldn't quite place it. No doubt I would have forgotten about it but for the fact that I heard it almost every day. But try as I might, I couldn't place it."

"What happened?" asked Joe. "Well, one morning the door to my room was partly open and I heard the man with that voice talking in the bank." "And so--?" asked Bob. "I suddenly placed the voice," said Bill. "It was Will Markum. I was on the point of going out to greet him, but something stopped me. I thought it might be better to wait until I learned more about this guy who called himself Wilbur Markham." "Smart boy," approved Bob, and Joe nodded.

At this point Bill lighted a cigarette. "I asked several of the clerks to describe Markham to me, but their descriptions didn't click with Markum except in height. But his voice haunted me. Then I recalled that while

still in Drawbridge I had taken pictures of the clerks at work in the bank, and later given each a picture. When I gave Markum his, he had torn it up and said, 'Don't you ever do that again.' I supposed he was camera shy, and thought no more about it. In the hope that I might still have the film, I wrote my brother at home and asked him to look. And as luck would have it he found it and sent me the picture. When it came I took it to the janitor He is a keen observer, and very good at description. The janitor looked at it carefully, but said it did not resemble Markham except in height and one other small detail. When he mentioned the small detail, I knew I had my man," laughed Bill. "What do you suggest?" asked Bob. "I think if you would see the banker, he would let you stay in my room and have a look at Markham. And you could also listen to him talk," said Bill.

After Bob and Joe had explained the situation to the banker next morning, he readily consented to their plan. And later, when Markham came to the bank, unknown to him, the boys from concealment were able to observe him and listen to his conversation. After he left, Bill asked, "What do you think? You are a good guesser." Said Joe, "He's our man."

The banker later told them the bank had loaned Markham money, and that he had put up bonds as security. The bonds were now in his deposit box. On the strength of this information, the boys got a court order to open the deposit box. When the bonds were produced, they were positively identified as the stolen bonds, and the boys swore out a warrant for Markham's arrest. When Markham was taken into custody he indignantly denied the charge. But he was transferred to the Drawbridge jail for trial.

The courtroom was packed. Many there had known Markum when he still resided in Drawbridge. After court was called to order by Judge Sockum, Mr. Ketchum arose and stated the case against Markum, alias Markham. He produced

still in Dorchester. I had been promised by the [illegible] at work in the town, and [illegible] given back a [illegible]. When I gave [illegible] his, he had been in my hand said, 'Shall you ever go back again?' I responded in all sincerity, and thought no more about it. In the time that I spent still [illegible] the time, I wished to [illegible] it [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible]. And as luck would [illegible] the Fund it was put [illegible] on the platform. When it came I went [illegible] the [illegible] in a [illegible] manner, and [illegible] all [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible], and [illegible] it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the stolen bonds as evidence and demanded that the accused be given twenty years in prison.

Then Mr. Slick took over. He smirked at the jury, sneered at Mr. Ketchum, and snarled at Judge Sockum. He said the charges against his client were absurd, and utterly without foundation. That it was a case of mistaken identity. He called a number of people from the audience who had known Markum, and asked them to identify his client as Markum. None of them could. As for the bonds, they were not conclusive evidence. The fact that they had been identified as the stolen ones meant nothing. Such bonds were of such a character that they could be purchased on the open market, and that was exactly how his client had acquired them. As for trying to establish a man's identity by his voice, that was ridiculous. There were so many voices alike.

"That's a fact," said Judge Sockum gravely. "I heard a donkey bray, and I couldn't determine if it was a jackass or you, Mr. Slick." Mr. Slick flushed and sat down, amid a ripple of amusement from the audience. It was well known that there was no love between the judge and Mr. Slick. When order had been restored, Mr. Ketchum arose and said, "I would like to call Bill Black to testify." Bill was guided to the witness stand and after being sworn, Mr. Ketchum asked him to relate the facts that led him up to identifying Mr. Markham as Will Markum. Bill told him what we already know.

After Bill had finished, Mr. Ketchum turned to Mr. Slick and said, "You can cross-examine the witness if you wish." Mr. Slick arose and addressed himself to Bill: "This story you have been telling us is all very interesting and a great credit to your imagination. But it is too much like the story book detective stuff we hear over the radio to get by. For example, you have heard people with good sight who knew the man Markum say that my

client does not resemble him in any way." "That's true," admitted Bill. "Also," said Mr. Slick, "to identify a man solely by his voice is impossible." "That is also true," said Bill, "but there is another detail that cannot be disputed." "What is it?" asked Mr. Slick. "Well," said Bill, "when I was in the hospital, the plastic surgeons remade the faces of boys who had been disfigured, so completely that their own mothers couldn't recognize them. And I am of the opinion that Markum had a surgeon remake his face so that nobody that knew him could recognize him. But," smiled Bill, "although the surgeon did a good job of it he forgot one little detail." "What is that?" demanded Mr. Slick. "Why," said Bill, "he still parts his hair on the right-hand side."

With a curse, the prisoner's hand shot to his head and rumpled his hair. But too late! Everybody had noticed that little detail.

Without leaving their seats, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

And so the story book detective got his man.

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Note: As a small boy I saw a man with his hair parted on the right side, and I was so impressed by its strangeness that I never forgot it, and built up this story around it.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

## FROM OUR MAILBAG

Dear Mrs. Bryan:

Since I returned from New York in April of 1949, when I took deaf-blind instruction at the Industrial Home for the Blind, I have read every article in Touch and Go. I have found the magazine interesting and most helpful.

I know that every other person interested in deaf-blind people and their problems reads the magazine like I do. Therefore, I am wondering if they would not be interested in knowing something about what is happening down here in Texas.

About four months ago a friend of mine became interested in what I was doing and asked me to demonstrate methods of communication with the deaf-blind to a very active civic club here in Austin. He told me I might tell the group anything which I thought might be of interest. I accepted the invitation for I knew it was one way to advance our work.

Miss Florine Davis, one of my first pupils, and a girl who is completely deaf-blind, was the person I chose to go with me, for Miss Davis retains speech and I knew she would answer questions, for she is not shy when it comes to furthering work for the deaf-blind.

To date we have filled various speaking dates, not only here in Austin, but in neighboring towns as well. This has caused many

interested visitors to visit our plant. They always stay, not the few minutes they thought they would visit, but hours spent in the study of the type of work we are doing here, and the articles produced for sale.

We are filling several dates during the Christmas season, and have others lined up for spring. One of the most interesting of these is with a newly organized club which we hope to interest in helping the deaf-blind by sponsoring our work here.

I just thought you might be interested in what we are doing to educate the public. In this instance curiosity is bringing results. We invited them to come and see how they do their work, what they make, and how they respond to teaching. We are trying to educate our citizens so they will not look on the deaf-blind as pitiable objects, but real live intelligent individuals capable of becoming self-reliant if given the opportunity.

I hope that you and all of the readers of Touch and Go will have a very Merry Christmas, and the most wonderful New Year of them all.

Yours very truly,

Chas. O. Weber Jr.
Supervisor of Deaf-Blind
Travis County Association for the Blind
Austin, Texas

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Note: Mr. Weber took the training course in work with the deaf-blind sponsored by the Foundation at the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn.

## THIS MODERN AGE

Way back in eighteen seventy
   When grandpa and grandma were wed
Life was so peaceful and tranquil,
   At nine folks were at home and in bed.

But since the world went modernistic
   With the advent of high-powered cars
People rush out to the night clubs,
   Hotels, restaurants and bars.

They revel till three in the morning
   And at seven they creep out of bed,
And start for the office or factory,
   Heads light and feet full of lead.

It is hard to say how they get through the day,
   But at night when the whistles blow
They seem full of pep with a spring in their step,
   All set and ready to go.

Many have homes that are beautiful,
   But to them they are only four walls.
They prefer the bright lights and music,
   The cocktails, wine, and highballs.

A home-cooked meal is unheard of,
   Their vitamins come out of cans.
To the wife, housework is drudgery,
   She will never have dishpan hands.

At times when the stork pays a visit,
   Bringing a sweet pair of twins,
They engage a competent nursemaid
   To manipulate safety pins.

Though the mother may be close to forty,
   She dresses and acts like a girl;
Employing a nursemaid leaves her quite free
   To continue the mad social whirl.

Sometimes one cannot help wonder
   How long they can keep up that pace;
When their shoulders bend, their hair turns gray
   And wrinkles appear on the face.

Perhaps home will then be a haven,
   They'll sit 'neath an azure blue sky,
Content to let others make whoopee
   While they watch the world go by.

--S. C. Simonton

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

Here are some "boners" made by pupils in schools for the deaf. They are taken from a list compiled by Dr. Harris Taylor, former superintendent of the Lexington Avenue School, New York City.

Helen Keller was born before she was two years old.

Three hundred Americans were killed by Indian war whoops.

Geese's hair is used for pillows.

The West Indies are mortified by the ocean and the trade winds.

One duty of a good Catholic is to go to Massachusetts.

Asphalt is the prevailing religion of South America.

The lower cavity of the trunk is the abandon.

Shakespeare was baptized three days before his birth.

Christendom is a town in Scotland.

The thermometer is an instrument to measure temperance.

Microbes are gems of disease.

Theology is a disease of the brain.

Exodus tells about the journey of the Children of Israel from Egypt to Canada.

Mary Queen of Scots was executed in 1577. The Pope excommunicated her for this.

It is very hard to be good and very soft to be bad.

The Mohammedans introduced Christianity into England.

The Koran is a man who lives in Korea.

Churches are supported by the tribulations of their members.

Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for they rest from their neighbors.

Joshua showed his sorrow by renting his garments.

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